

Shadow Comics

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MONEY'S
YOUR **10¢** WORTH
FIFTY-TWO
PAGES



THE SHADOW

solves the riddle of

The Black Pagoda

Shadow COMICS

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The Shadow SOLVES THE Riddle of THE BLACK PAGODA



BOUND ON HIS FIRST POST-WAR TRIP TO TIBET, WHERE, UNDER THE TUTELAGE OF THE GREAT LAMA, HE LEARNED THE SECRET OF CLOUDING MEN'S MINDS, LAMONT CRANSTON STOPS IN CHUNGKING, CHINA...

THERE, AS THE SHADOW, HE EMBARKS UPON A SEARCH FOR A LURKING MENACE WHICH HE ALONE DETECTS!!! WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS IN THE HEARTS OF MEN? THE SHADOW KNOWS!!! AND THIS ADVENTURE PROVES IT!!!!

The "Comic" That Proves.....

CRIME DOES NOT PAY!!

WHEN CAPTAIN WU WAS FORCED TO LAND IN THIS VALLEY, WE MADE HIM BREATHE THIS INCENSE. THAT IS WHY WE SENT HIM OUT AGAIN, KNOWING HIS REPORTS WOULD BE FALSE!

AT LEAST SHIH HAS NEVER BREATHED HIS OWN INCENSE!



THE WORLD MUST NEVER KNOW OF THIS CITADEL BUILT BY THE ORIGINAL SHIH HUANG TI, WHOSE WORK I EXPECT TO COMPLETE AFTER ALL THESE CENTURIES!



EVEN THE GREAT WALL WAS EXTENDED INTO THIS CLOUD-HIDDEN VALLEY, SO THAT SOME DAY A NEW SHIH HUANG TI COULD ARISE!



REVOLT, STRIFE THROUGHOUT CHINA IS CAUSED BY MY SECRET AGENTS, WHO BUY FOLLOWERS WITH THE GOLD THAT HAS BEEN HOARDED HERE FOR CENTURIES! THESE ARE FACTS THAT NO ONE WILL EVER TELL!



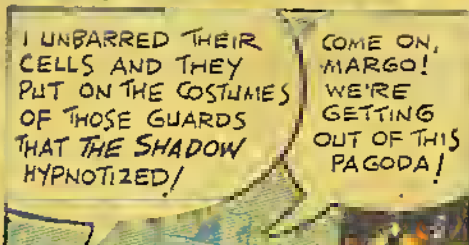
YOU ARE WRONG, SHIH HUANG TI! YOU HAVE JUST TOLD THOSE FACTS AND YING KO HAS HEARD THEM!

YING KO!
THE
SHADOW!





CLUTCHED BY ENEMIES WHOSE GRIP, THOUGH BLIND, CAN HOLD HIM UNTIL OTHERS FLING THEIR WEIGHT INTO THE FRAY, THE SHADOW HAS LOST HIS LAST CHANCE TO RESCUE MARGO UNLESS THE IMPOSSIBLE HAPPENS...



AND I MEAN
THE LAST STAND
OF THE GREAT
WALL! LEND A
HAND WITH
THIS SUPPORTING
STONE!

WE'RE
COMING,
YING
KO!

THERE
IT
GOES
!

GASH

LAUNCHED ON ITS COURSE, THE GREAT
BASTION OF THE ANCIENT WALL
BECOMES A HUGE AVALANCHE OF
DISINTEGRATED MASONRY THAT
CRASHES THE BLACK PAGODA AND
ADDS ITS WRECKAGE TO THE
MIGHTY TIDE FROM WHICH SHIH
HUANG TI AND HIS TRIBE OF
DEMONS FLEE !!!

AND SO PEACE COMES TO THE STRANGE
VALLEY TUCKED AMID MOUNTAINS
HIGHER THAN THE HIMALAYAS....

A PEACE THAT CARRIES ITS PROMISE
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD !!!



TIBET FIRST.
THEN YOU
CAN RETURN
TO CHUNGKING
TO REPORT

I HOPE THIS
COSTUME IS
WHAT THEY'RE
WEARING
IN TIBET
!

WHERE
NEXT,
MR.
CRANSTON
?



I HOPE THEY'LL
ACCEPT THIS
NEW REPORT,
MR. CRANSTON
!

THEY WILL,
LIEUTENANT YUNG,
WHEN YOU TELL THEM
THAT SHIH HUANG TI
HAS PLENTY OF GOLD
BURIED WITH HIM. IT
WILL BE WORTH SENDING
AN EXPEDITION TO DIG
IT UP!

THE WEED OF CRIME BEARS BITTER
FRUIT... CRIME DOES NOT PAY !!! SUCH
WAS THE RULE PROVEN BY THE SHADOW,
WHOSE MIGHT UPROOTED AND DESTROYED
THE BLACK PAGODA, LIKE THE WEED OF CRIME
IT REPRESENTED WITH ITS EVIL MASTER !!!

"The Most Beautiful,
Fascinating, Exciting,
COMIC BOOK!"

That's what they all say
about

SUPER-MAGICIAN

featuring

RED DRAGON

NOW ON SALE.

ANOTHER EXCITING NEWSPAPER
ADVENTURE OF THE FAMOUS REPORTER
BING DALGREN
OF THE TIMES-NEWS

THE STRANGE CASE OF PROFESSOR GERSTHART.

STORY AND PICTURES
BY
THORNTON FISHER



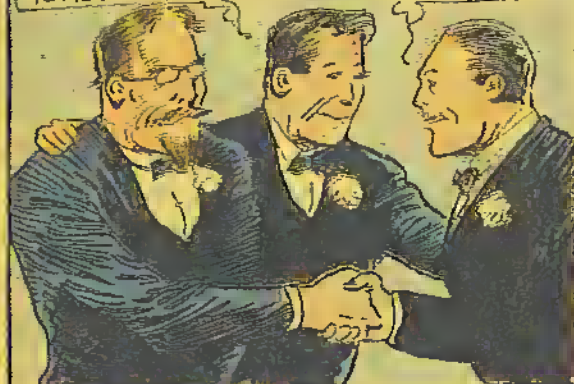
PROFESSOR LEON GERSTHART'S LABORATORY IN NEW YORK CITY WAS A MYSTERIOUS PLACE — NO ONE, EXCEPT HIS HANDYMAN, CALLED "MISERY" HAD ACCESS TO IT — WHAT THE PROFESSOR DID NOBODY KNEW — HE ALWAYS HAD AN AMPLE SUPPLY OF MONEY —



"MISERY" WAS ALSO HIS VALET AND CHAUFFEUR, ACCOMPANYING THE PROFESSOR WHEREVER HE WENT — "MISERY" WAS A MITE OF A MAN, ABOUT 5 FEET, 3 INCHES —

MEET PROFESSOR GERSTHART — THE PROFESSOR CAN TELL YOU WHAT YOU'LL DO TOMORROW —

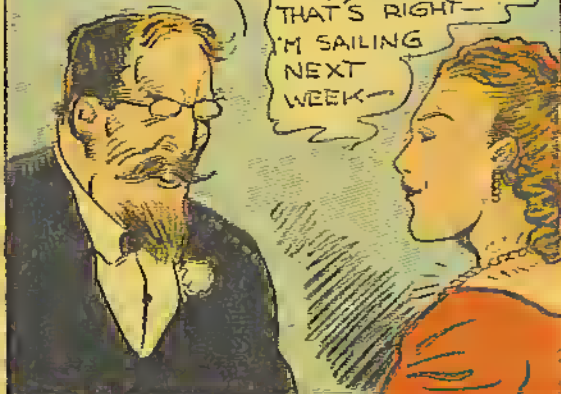
OH, YES PROFESSOR, I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU



THE PROFESSOR WAS ACCEPTED IN THE CITY'S LEADING SOCIAL CIRCLES — ONE OF HIS HOBBIES WAS FORTUNE TELLING AND HE OFTEN ENTERTAINED HIS HOSTS AND THEIR GUESTS BY READING THEIR CARDS —

YOUR CARDS SAY YOU ARE GOING TO TAKE AN EXTENDED TRIP, AT THE END OF WHICH YOU'LL MEET AN OLD FLAME — DO YOU GET THAT?

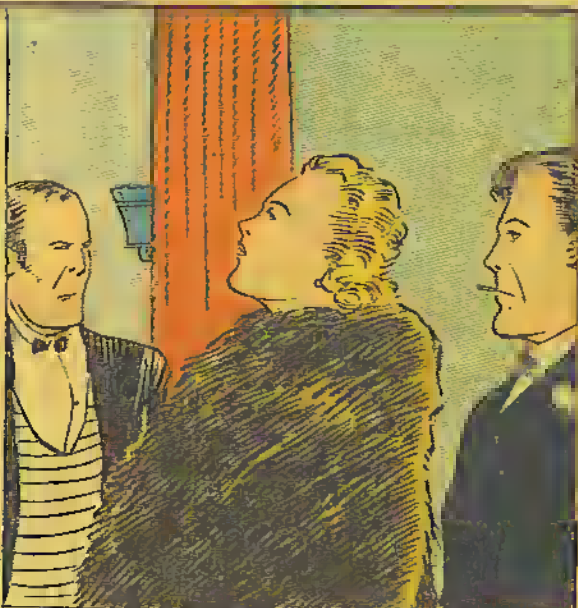
WHY, PROFESSOR, THAT'S RIGHT — I'M SAILING NEXT WEEK —



HE HAD BUILT UP A MYTH OF INFALIBILITY — THE WOMEN, ESPECIALLY SOUGHT TO HAVE HIM TELL THEIR FORTUNES AND HE GLADLY ACCEDDED TO THEIR REQUESTS — "MISERY" ALWAYS "CHAUFFEURED" HIM TO THESE PARTIES, USUALLY BEING INVITED IN TO THE HOUSE WHERE THE SERVANTS WOULD SEE THAT HE JOINED THEM FOR REFRESHMENTS —



AT THE TIME THIS STORY BEGINS— (MARCH 19, 1928) THERE WAS AN EPIDEMIC OF JEWEL ROBBERIES—THE DETECTIVES WERE BAFLED—THE GUESTS AT THE PARTIES WERE ALWAYS CAREFULLY SELECTED—



BING DALGREN DECIDED TO ATTEND ONE OF THESE PARTIES—IT WASN'T DIFFICULT BECAUSE THE TIMES-NEWS SOCIETY EDITOR COVERED MOST OF THEM—SO HE JOINED HER ONE NIGHT ON A TRIP TO LONG ISLAND—



"YOUR CARDS TELL ME THAT IF YOU GO TO FLORIDA THIS MONTH, MISS RANDALL, YOU WILL SEE AN OLD FRIEND WHO HAS LONG SECRETLY ADMIRED YOU—TAKE MY ADVICE AND GO—

I WONDER IF I CAN GUESS WHO IT IS—

THE PROFESSOR WAS PRESENT—AND HE WAS REALLY GOOD THAT NIGHT—HE TOLD A LOT OF FORTUNES—



IT MAY BE AN INSIDE JOB!

NO FINGERPRINTS ON THIS WALL SAFE, PAT—

TWO WEEKS LATER THAT HOME WAS BURGLARIZED—



OH-OH-THE
PROFESSOR'S GOING
TO TELL SOME
MORE FORTUNES—

PROFESSOR,
TELL MY
FORTUNE,
PRETTY PLEASE—

WHY, I'LL
BE
DELIGHTED,
MY DEAR—



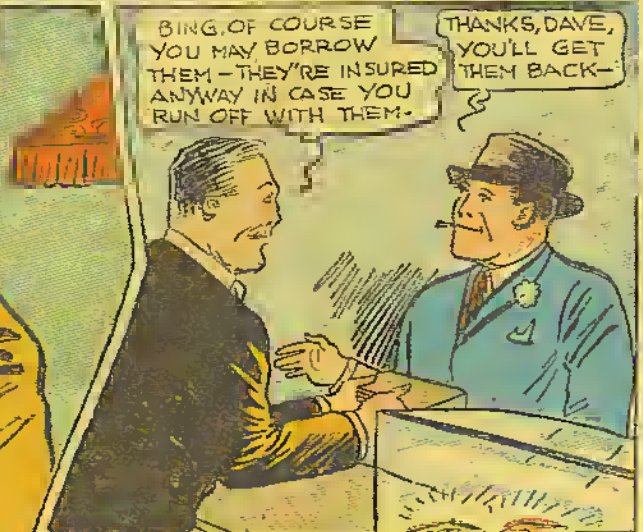
DALGREN ATTENDED ANOTHER
PARTY AT WHICH THE PROFESSOR
WAS PRESENT—A MONTH LATER
THAT HOME WAS ROBBED—IN
EVERY CASE THE LOOT CON-
SISTED OF JEWELS AND
SILVER PLATE—

TO THE FAMOUS REPORTER THERE WAS
A SPECIAL SIGNIFICANCE IN THE FACT
THAT ROBBERIES INVARIABLY FOLLOWED THE
ATTENDANCE OF PROFESSOR GERSTHART
AT THESE FUNCTIONS—BUT THE PROFESSOR
WAS A CULTURED GENTLEMAN—

DOROTHY,
I'M INVITING
YOU TO A
SWANKY
LITTLE
PARTY NEXT
SATURDAY
NIGHT AT
THE VAN WRENS.
SAY "YES"—
GOOD!

BING, OF COURSE
YOU MAY BORROW
THEM—THEY'RE INSURED
ANYWAY IN CASE YOU
RUN OFF WITH THEM.

THANKS, DAVE,
YOU'LL GET
THEM BACK—

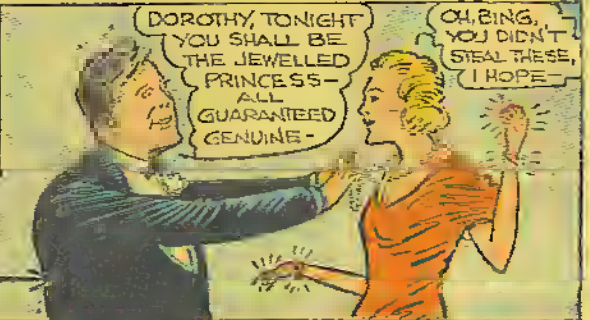


THE DAY BEFORE THE NIGHT OF THE
PARTY BING VISITED A FRIEND WHO WAS
A JEWELER—THE JEWELER AGREED TO
LEND DALGREN SOME GEMS—A NECKLACE
OF PEARLS AND SOME DIAMOND RINGS—

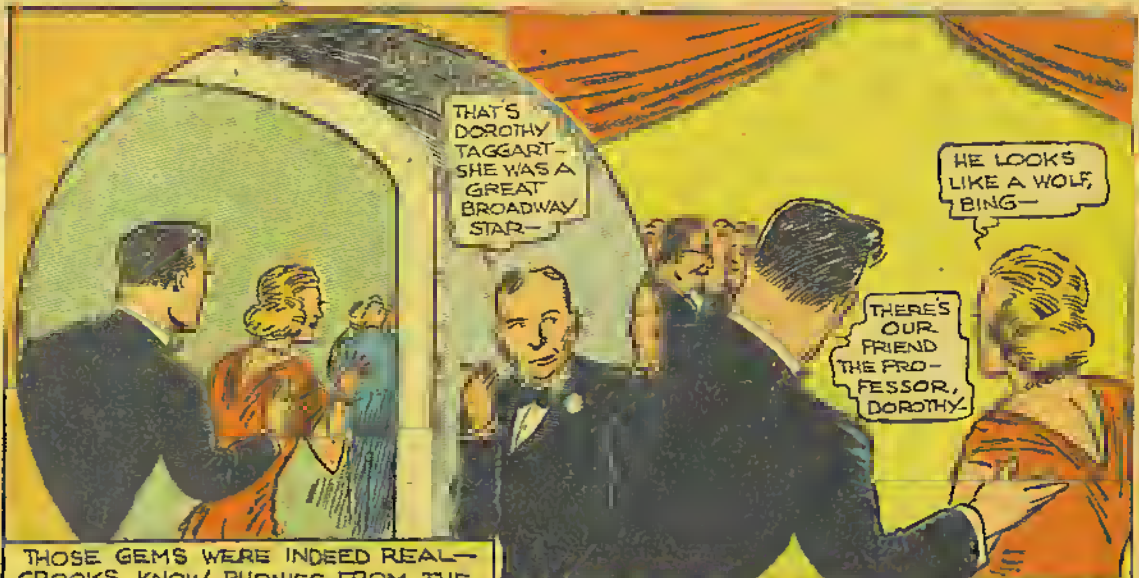
BY NOW DALGREN WAS RECEIVING
REGULAR INVITATIONS TO MANY OF
THESE SOCIAL EVENTS—HE DECIDED
TO TAKE A GIRL FRIEND NEXT TIME—
ANOTHER INVITATION CAME ALONG—
SO HE COMMUNICATED WITH THE
YOUNG LADY—

DOROTHY, TONIGHT
YOU SHALL BE
THE JEWELLED
PRINCESS—
ALL GUARANTEED
GENUINE—

OH, BING,
YOU DIDN'T
STEAL THESE,
I HOPE—



DOROTHY TAGGART, THE YOUNG
WOMAN WAS ASTONISHED WHEN
DALGREN INSISTED THAT SHE WEAR
THEM AT THE PARTY THAT
EVENING



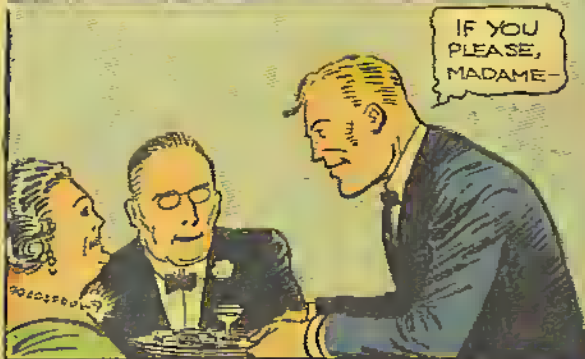
THAT'S DOROTHY TAGGART—SHE WAS A GREAT BROADWAY STAR—

HE LOOKS LIKE A WOLF, BING—

THERE'S OUR FRIEND THE PROFESSOR, DOROTHY.

THOSE GEMS WERE INDEED REAL—CROOKS KNOW PHONIES FROM THE GENUINE ARTICLES—THERE WAS SUPPRESSED EXCITEMENT WHEN BING DALGREN AND HIS COMELY COMPANION ENTERED—

AS BING HAD EXPECTED, PROFESSOR GERSTHART WAS PRESENT—



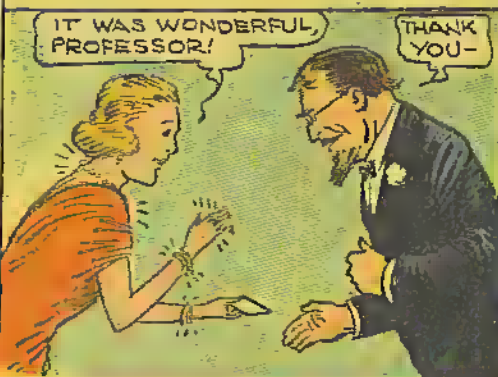
IF YOU PLEASE, MADAME—

SO FOR THAT MATTER, WAS "MISERY," THE PROFESSOR'S CHAUFFEUR AND HANDYMAN, ONLY NOW "MISERY" WAS HELPING THE SERVANTS SERVE THE GUESTS—



YOU SHOULD GO ON AN EXTENSIVE TRIP, MY DEAR—YOU WILL MEET AND OLD FRIEND—

DOROTHY TAGGART BEGGED THE PROFESSOR TO TELL HER FORTUNE—THE PROFESSOR WAS HAPPY TO DO SO—HE GAVE THE USUAL ADVICE—



IT WAS WONDERFUL, PROFESSOR!

THANK YOU—


WHEN HE FINISHED, MISS TAGGART GAVE HIM HER CARD BEARING HER ADDRESS, WITH AN INVITATION TO CALL ON HER SOME TIME—



OH, PROFESSOR, I FORGOT—I'LL BE OUT OF TOWN FOR THREE OR FOUR DAYS—


WHEN YOU RETURN I'LL BE DELIGHTED TO CALL—

ON SECOND THOUGHT SHE INFORMED HIM THAT SHE WOULD BE OUT OF TOWN FOR THREE OR FOUR DAYS—LEAVING TOMORROW—AFTER THAT SHE WOULD BE "AT HOME" TO HER FRIENDS—




OH, SHE'S NOT HOME—THANK YOU—THANK'S VERY MUCH!

DOROTHY TAGGART LIVED ALONE IN A SUMPTUOUS APARTMENT—SHE HAD TOLD THE PROFESSOR SHE WAS LEAVING "TOMORROW"—HOWEVER, THE PROFESSOR PHONED HER NEXT DAY AND WAS TOLD BY THE OPERATOR THAT MISS TAGGART WAS OUT OF TOWN—



WELL, WELL, THIS LOOKS LIKE TOOTSIE—WOOTSIE IN PERSON—


IN THE MEANTIME THE FAMOUS REPORTER WAS VISITING THE POLICE ROGUES' GALLERY—WHAT HE FOUND THERE GALVANIZED HIM INTO ACTION—



CHIEF, I'M GOING TO BREAK THIS EPIDEMIC OF JEWEL ROBBERIES THIS WEEK—

WELL, THE POLICE AND PRIVATE DETECTIVES ARE CERTAINLY FUMBLING THE BALL, BING—

BING WENT INTO CONFERENCE WITH HIS MANAGING EDITOR, JOHN FEELEY—




SLIM, I WANT YOU TO BE INVISIBLE TONIGHT—DON'T SEE ANYONE WHO MAY COME IN—OR DON'T LET THEM

THINK YOU DO—BUT WATCH THEM CAREFULLY—I'LL EXPLAIN—


YES, MR. DALGREN—

THE FIRST NIGHT OF MISS TAGGART'S ABSENCE DALGREN ARRANGED WITH THE NIGHT ELEVATOR MAN AT HER APARTMENT BUILDING TO MAKE HIMSELF FREQUENTLY "UNSEEN"—BING ACQUAINTED WITH THE NOTED NEWS-MAN THE ELEVATOR OPERATOR, CO-OPERATED—



NOW, IF ANY STRANGER SAUNTERS IN, SLIM, WITHOUT BEING SEEN CAN CHECK WHERE HE GOES—

AT 12 O'CLOCK THAT NIGHT DALGREN POSTED HIMSELF IN DISGUISE ABOUT 200 FEET FROM THE ENTRANCE TO MISS TAGGART'S APARTMENT BUILDING—NO ONE COULD LEAVE OR ENTER, WITHOUT BEING OBSERVED BY HIM—



AT 3 A.M. "MISERY," THE PROFESSOR'S HANDYMAN, DRESSED IN EVENING CLOTHES, AMBLED CASUALLY INTO THE BUILDING, CROSSED THE FOYER AND WALKED UP TO THE 4TH FLOOR—

SO THIS IS CHUNGKING! WHAT A MODERN CITY IT IS!

IT REPRESENTS THE NEW CHINA, MARGO. SO LOOK AROUND THE CITY AND I'LL MEET YOU LATER...

... AFTER I VISIT THE AVIATION BUILDING AND OBTAIN INFORMATION REGARDING A DIRECT AIR-ROUTE TO TIBET!



DOCTOR TAM! I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE YOU LEFT NEW YORK!

YOU ARE WELCOME HERE, MR. CRANSTON. YOU ARE JUST IN TIME TO HEAR SOMETHING THAT MAY INTEREST YOU. COME!

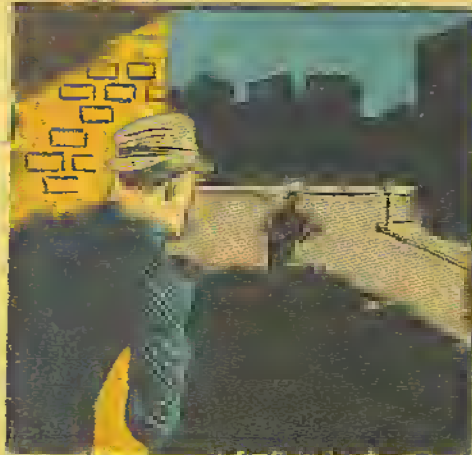
PROCEED WITH THE REPORT OF YOUR FLIGHT ACROSS THE BARRIER MOUNTAINS, LIEUTENANT YUNG.

WHEN MY ALTIMETER REGISTERED 30,000 FEET, I FOUND MY WAY BLOCKED BY HIGHER PEAKS. DISCOVERING A GAP AMONG THEM, I FLEW THROUGH...

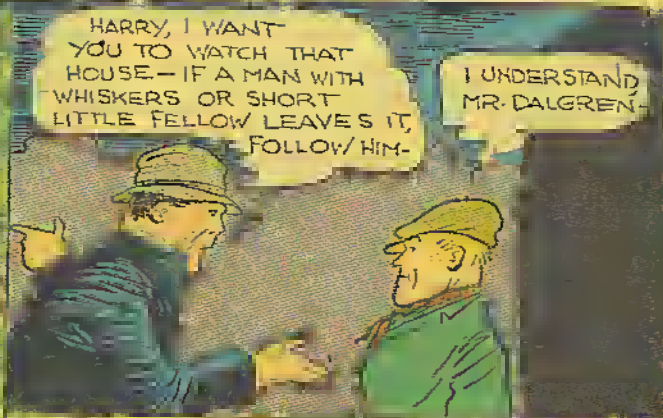


... AND DISCOVERED A FERTILE VALLEY RIMMED WITH MOUNTAINS, WHERE A BLACK PAGODA NESTLED BENEATH A SECTION OF THE GREAT CHINESE WALL!





IN LESS THAN HALF AN HOUR "MISERY" EMERGED FROM THE APARTMENT BUILDING — DALGREN "TAILED" HIM — AND THAT TRAIL LED STRAIGHT TO THE LABORATORY OF PROFESSOR LEON GERSTHART —



HARRY, I WANT YOU TO WATCH THAT HOUSE — IF A MAN WITH WHISKERS OR SHORT LITTLE FELLOW LEAVES IT, FOLLOW HIM —

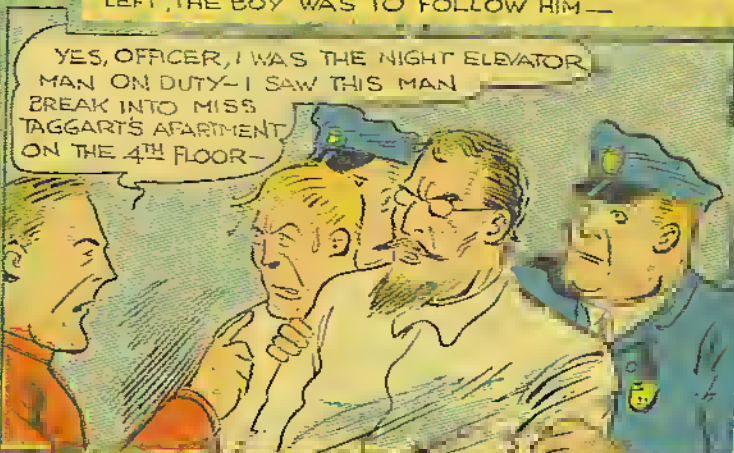
I UNDERSTAND MR. DALGREN —

DALGREN DID NOT INTEND TO NOTIFY THE POLICE UNTIL HE WROTE HIS STORY — THEN THE POLICE COULD TRAP THE TWO CRIMINALS, GERSTHART AND "MISERY" — HE PHONED THE NIGHT COPY BOY AT THE TIMES-NEWS OFFICE TO MEET HIM AT THE SPOT AND KEEP CONSTANT VIGIL ON THE HOUSE WHERE THE PROFESSOR'S "LABORATORY" WAS LOCATED — IF EITHER MAN LEFT, THE BOY WAS TO FOLLOW HIM —

AS THIS STORY IS BEING WRITTEN TWO OF THE SLICKEST JEWEL ROBBERS IN THE COUNTRY ARE ABOUT TO FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THE POLICE...



DASHING BACK TO THE OFFICE THE FAMOUS REPORTER FURIOUSLY POUNDED OUT HIS SENSATIONAL STORY, TIMING ITS RELEASE WITH THE ARREST OF THE MEN —



YES, OFFICER, I WAS THE NIGHT ELEVATOR MAN ON DUTY — I SAW THIS MAN BREAK INTO MISS TAGGART'S APARTMENT ON THE 4TH FLOOR —

WHEN HE FINISHED HE NOTIFIED POLICE HEADQUARTERS — IN FIFTEEN MINUTES THE OFFICERS DESCENDED ON THE THIEVES — THE "LABORATORY" WAS A PHONY, USED ONLY AS A "BLIND," A PLACE TO HIDE THE LOOT — BOTH MEN WERE CONVICTED AND WENT TO PRISON —

IT WAS A TERRIFIC SCOOP FOR DALGREN — SHORTLY AFTER THE CONVICTION OF THE THIEVES, BING MODESTLY TOLD US A FEW UNWRITTEN DETAILS OF HIS UNUSUAL ADVENTURE



WHEREVER THE PROFESSOR APPEARED A ROBBERY FOLLOWED LATER — HE WOULD ADVISE ONLY THOSE WOMEN WHO WORE COSTLY JEWELS TO GO AWAY FOR A TRIP — HIS SO-CALLED HANDYMAN "MISERY" ACTUALLY WAS "SECOND-STORY SAM," AN EX-CONVICT AND TALENTED BURGLAR — I CHECKED ON HIS IDENTITY IN THE ROGUES' GALLERY — WITH MISS TAGGART'S CO-OPERATION WE SET THE TRAP FOR HIM — SHE WORE EXPENSIVE JEWELS ID BORROWED — SHE TOLD THE PROF SHE WOULD BE OUT OF TOWN — I WAS SURE THEY'D TRY TO CRACK HER APARTMENT THEN — SAM DID SO AND FOUND NOTHING BECAUSE ID ALREADY RETURNED THE JEWELS TO MY JEWELER, FRIEND — GERSTHART HIMSELF PROVED TO BE AN ALIEN WHO ENTERED THE U.S. ILLEGALLY —

ALL NAMES AND CHARACTERS APPEARING IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS. ANY SIMILARITY TO ACTUAL PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

NICK CARTER

SIX COFFINS—
ALL FULL!!

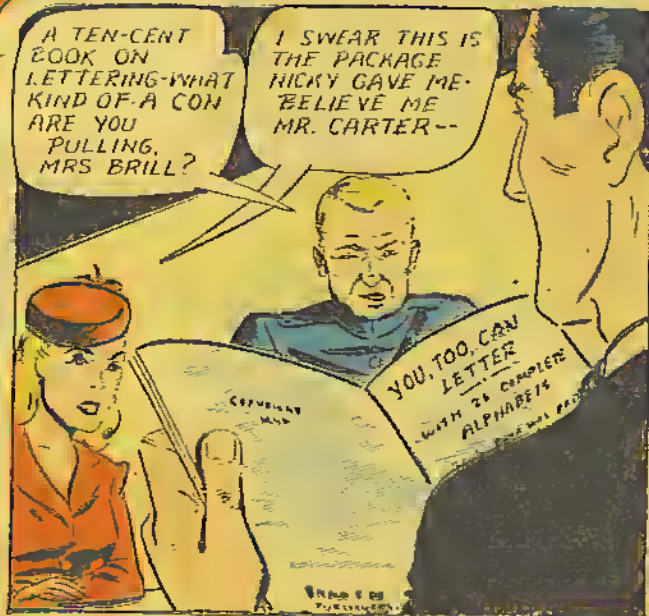
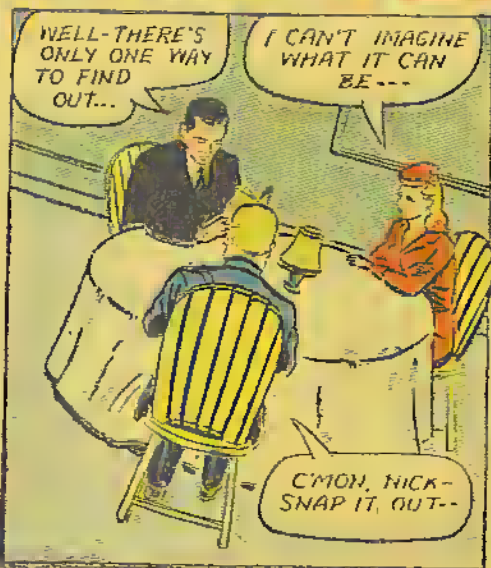
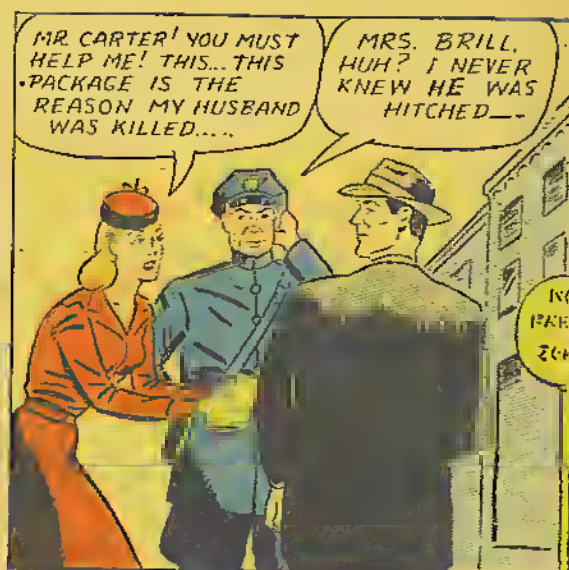


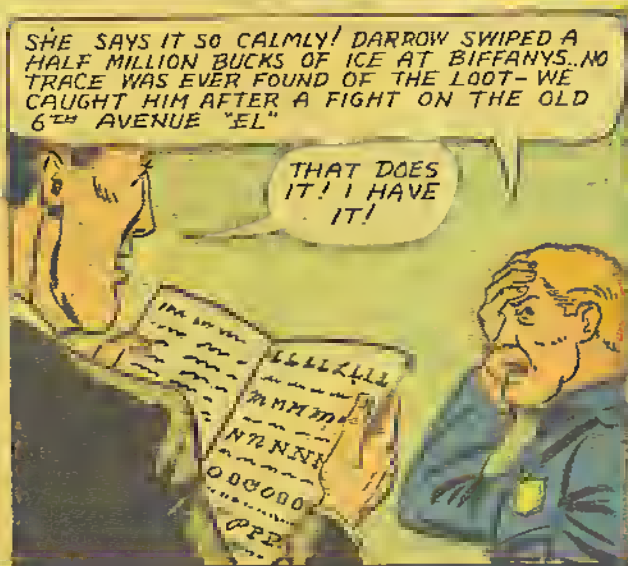
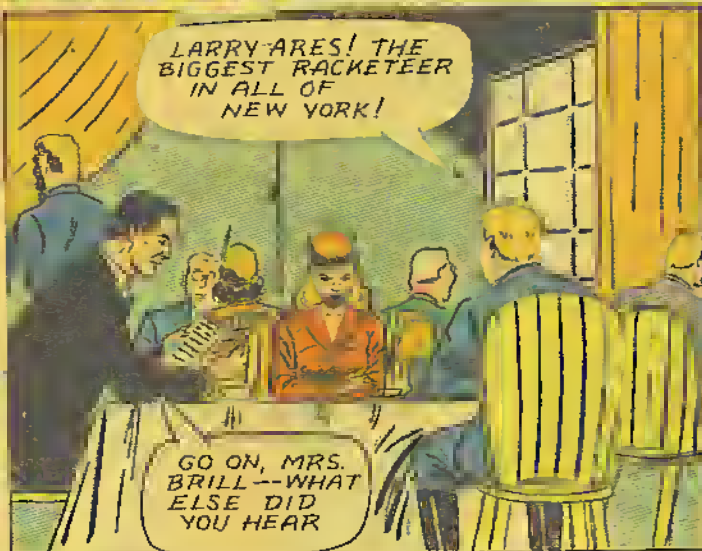
SIX MEN HAD DIED—AND FOR WHAT? A BOOKLET WORTH A DIME IN ANY FIVE AND TEN CENT STORE. WHAT WAS THE DEADLY SECRET HIDDEN IN THESE PAGES THAT DROVE MEN TO KILL AGAIN—AND AGAIN—?

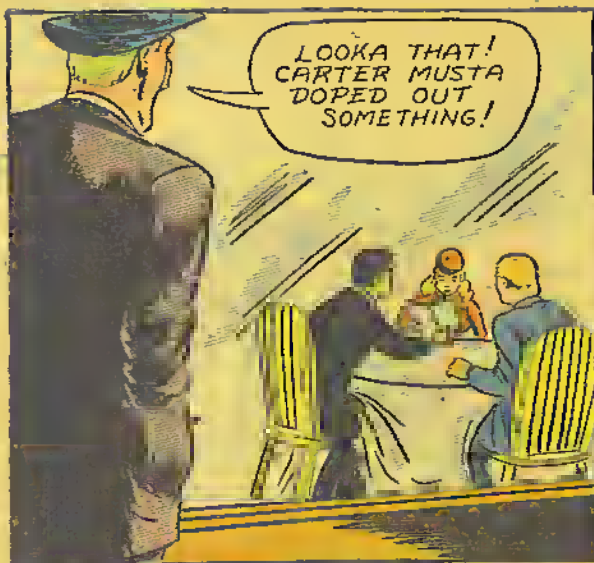
IT'S THE MOST BAFFLING THING I'VE EVER SEEN, NICK...THIS IS THE 6TH STIFF IN A WEEK—WE CAN'T FIND ANY CONNECTION BETWEEN 'EM!

NONE BUT THE FACT THAT THEY ALL BELONG TO THE UNDER WORLD—ON THE SURFACE IT LOOKS LIKE A GANG WAR--

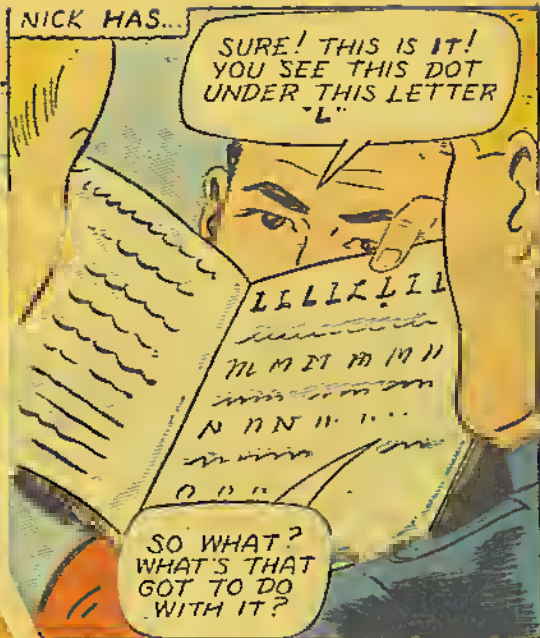








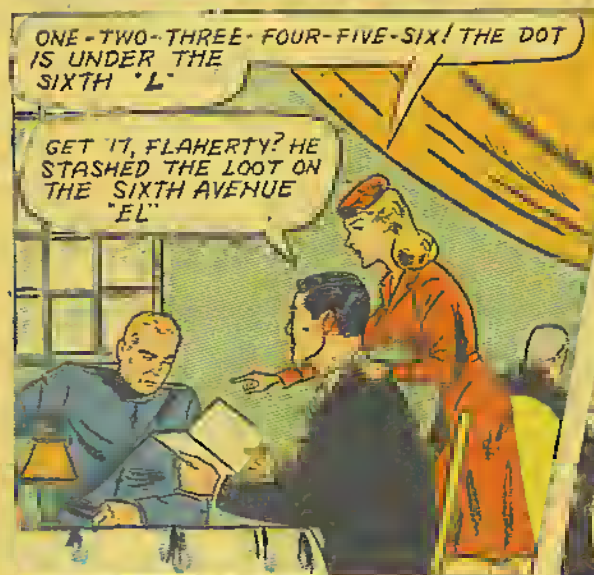
LOOKA THAT!
CARTER MUSTA
DOPED OUT
SOMETHING!



NICK HAS...

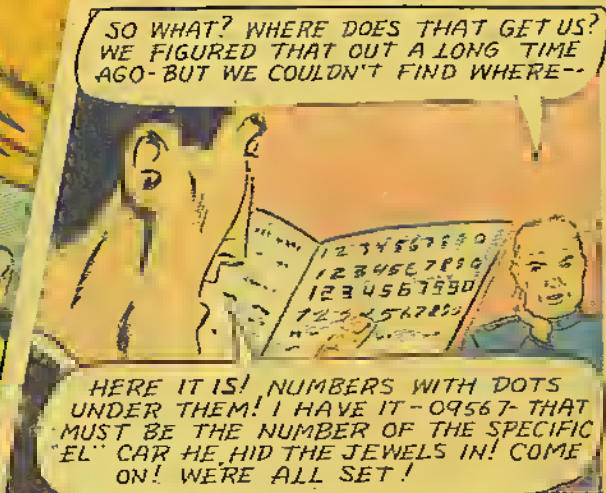
SURE! THIS IS IT!
YOU SEE THIS DOT
UNDER THIS LETTER
"L"

SO WHAT?
WHAT'S THAT
GOT TO DO
WITH IT?



ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR-FIVE-SIX! THE DOT
IS UNDER THE
SIXTH "L"

GET IT, FLAHERTY? HE
STASHED THE LOOT ON
THE SIXTH AVENUE
"EL"



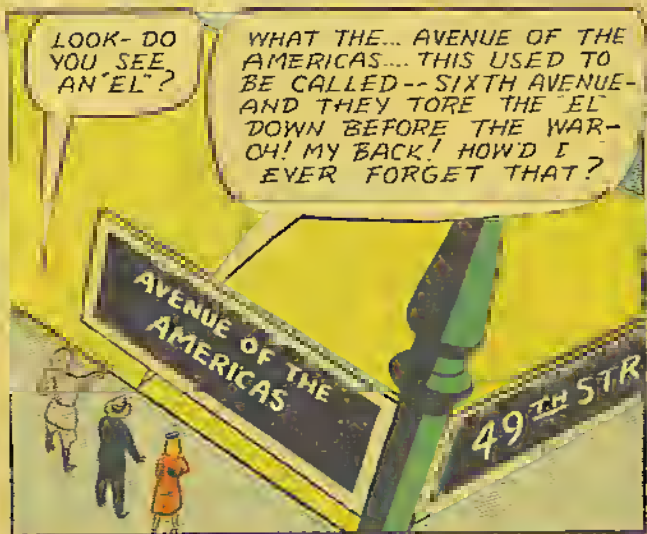
SO WHAT? WHERE DOES THAT GET US?
WE FIGURED THAT OUT A LONG TIME
AGO-BUT WE COULDN'T FIND WHERE--

HERE IT IS! NUMBERS WITH DOTS
UNDER THEM! I HAVE IT-09567- THAT
MUST BE THE NUMBER OF THE SPECIFIC
"EL" CAR HE HID THE JEWELS IN! COME
ON! WE'RE ALL SET!



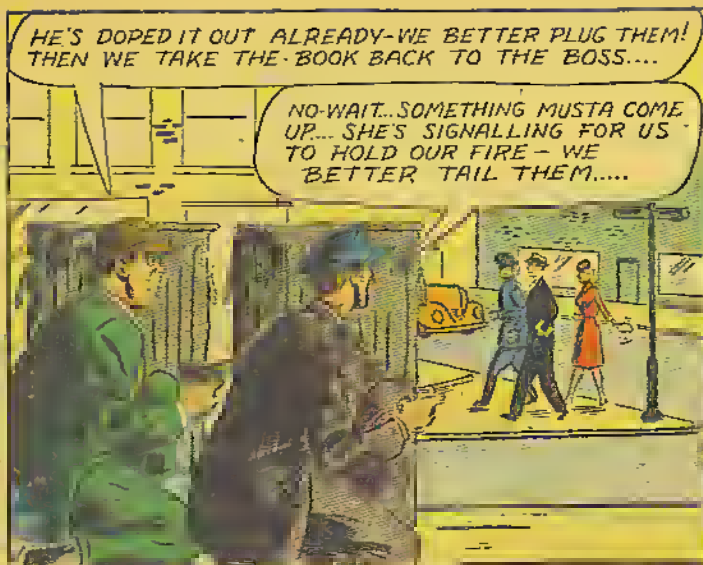
NICK! NICK!
WAIT A MINUTE!
WHERE ARE
YOU GOING?

THE SIXTH AVENUE
"EL" MAN-DON'T YOU
SEE ALL WE HAVE
TO DO IS FIND THE
CAR WITH THESE
NUMBERS ON IT?



LOOK-DO
YOU SEE
AN "EL"?

WHAT THE... AVENUE OF THE
AMERICAS... THIS USED TO
BE CALLED-- SIXTH AVENUE--
AND THEY TORE THE "EL"
DOWN BEFORE THE WAR--
OH! MY BACK! HOW'D I
EVER FORGET THAT?



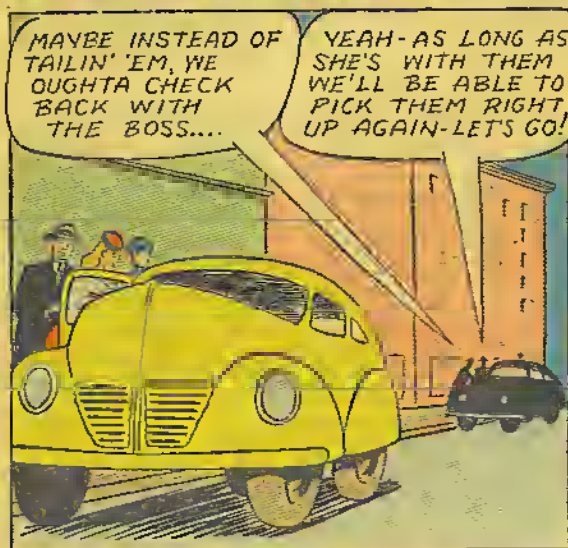
HE'S DOPED IT OUT ALREADY-WE BETTER PLUG THEM!
THEN WE TAKE THE BOOK BACK TO THE BOSS....

NO-WAIT...SOMETHING MUSTA COME
UP... SHE'S SIGNALLING FOR US
TO HOLD OUR FIRE - WE
BETTER TAIL THEM.....



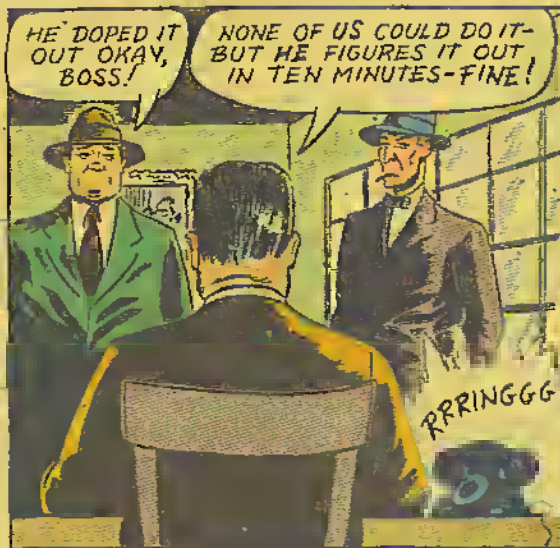
I FEEL LIKE AN AWFUL DOPE!
BUT WE ARE ON THE RIGHT
TRACK-ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS
FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED
TO THOSE "EL" CARS!

-FAR AS I REMEMBER, THEY
MELTED 'EM DOWN FOR SCRAP
DURING THE WAR-BUT MAY-
BE SOME WERE USED
SOMEWHERE ELSE-- I'LL
PHONE CITY HALL...



MAYBE INSTEAD OF
TAILIN' 'EM, WE
OUGHTA CHECK
BACK WITH
THE BOSS....

YEAH-AS LONG AS
SHE'S WITH THEM
WE'LL BE ABLE TO
PICK THEM RIGHT
UP AGAIN-LET'S GO!



HE DOPED IT
OUT OKAY,
BOSS!

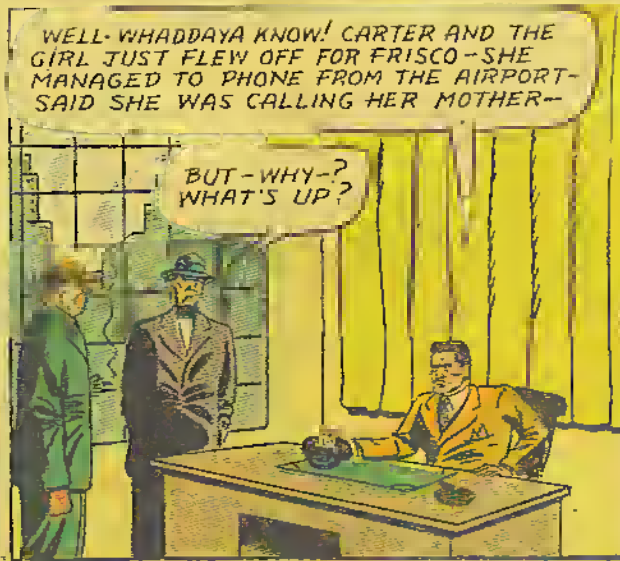
NONE OF US COULD DO IT-
BUT HE FIGURES IT OUT
IN TEN MINUTES-FINE!

RRRINGGG



WHAT!? SAN FRANCISCO? I'LL
SEE WHAT I
CAN DO!

FRISCO?
WHAT'S
THE
DEAL?

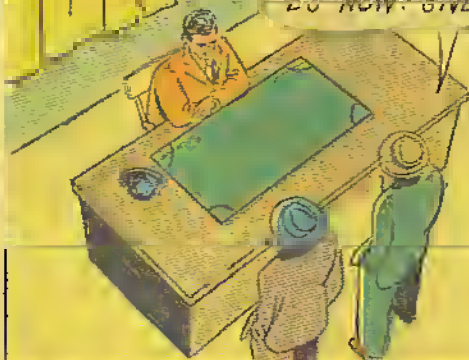


WELL-WHADDAYA KNOW! CARTER AND THE
GIRL JUST FLEW OFF FOR FRISCO-SHE
MANAGED TO PHONE FROM THE AIRPORT-
SAID SHE WAS CALLING HER MOTHER--

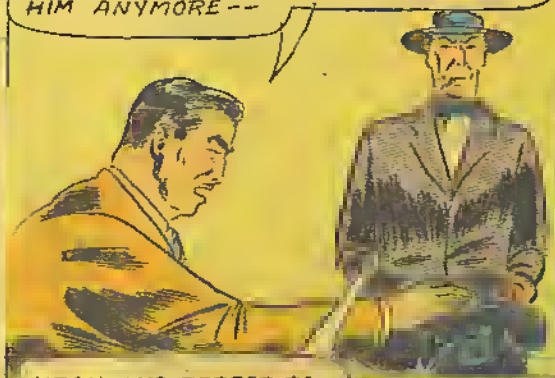
BUT-WHY-?
WHAT'S UP?

HE FOUND OUT FROM THE BOOK THAT THE GEMS ARE STASHED IN AN 'EL' CAR OFF THE OLD SIXTH AVENUE 'EL' - BUT THE CARS WERE SENT TO OAKLAND CAL THEY'RE USING THEM THERE ON THE 'EL' TO HAUL SHIPYARD WORKERS

CHEE-LARRY- WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO NOW? GIVE UP?



GIVE UP HALF A MILLION? ARE YOU NUTS? I'LL CALL SOME OF THE WEST COAST MOB- WE'LL HAVE A RECEPTION COMMITTEE WAITING FOR CARTER - WE DON'T NEED HIM ANYMORE--



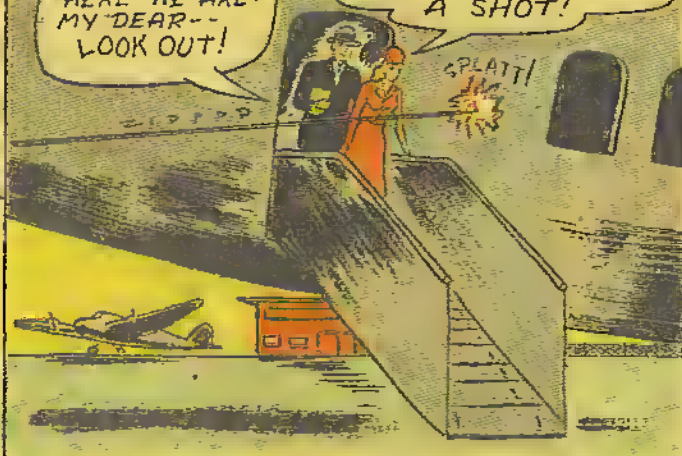
YEAH- IT'S BETTER TO DEAL THEM IN THAN TO LOSE THE WHOLE THING-

SO IT IS WHEN THE TRANSCONTINENTAL FLIGHT ENDS....

HERE WE ARE- MY DEAR-- LOOK OUT!

NICE LOOKING PLACE- ISN'T IT-- WHY-- THAT'S A SHOT!

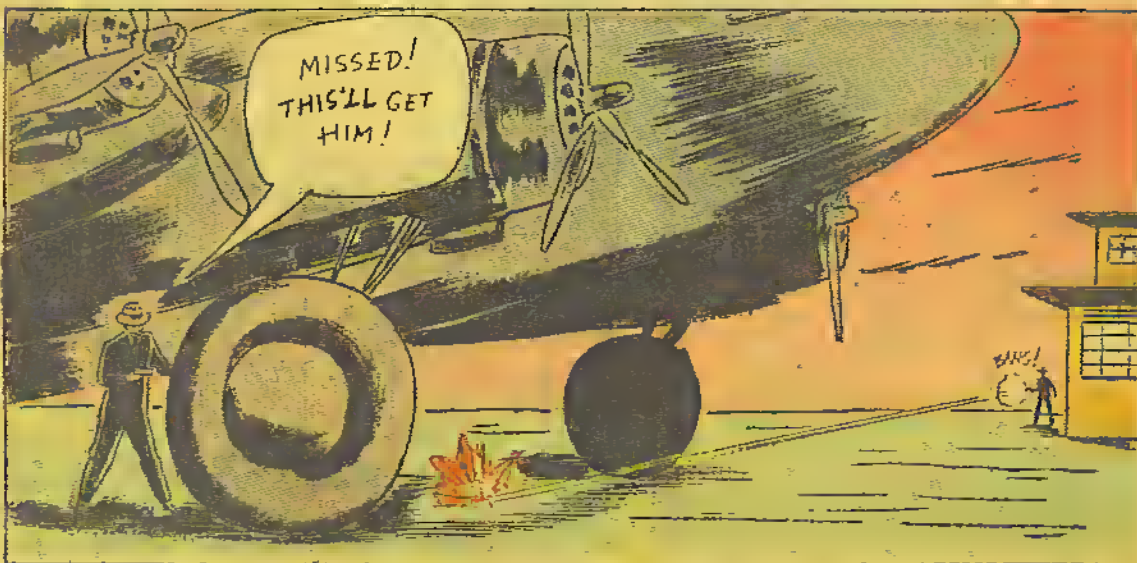
SPLATT!

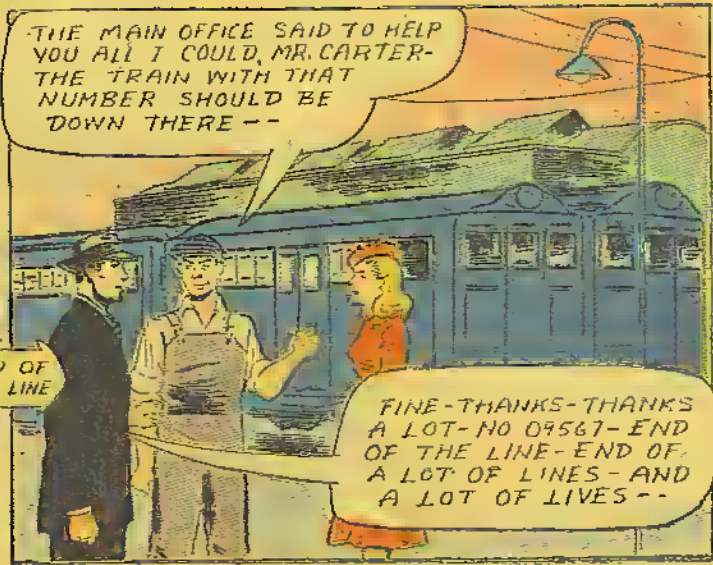
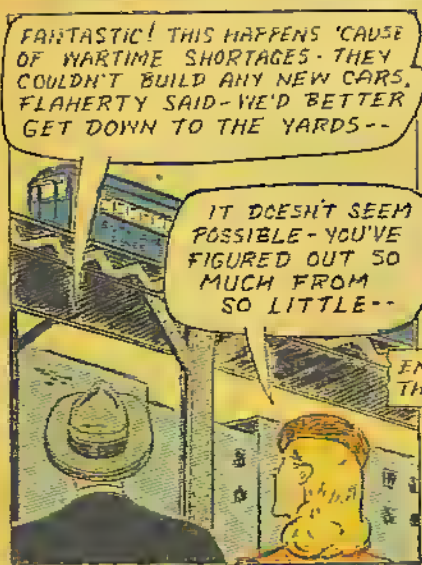
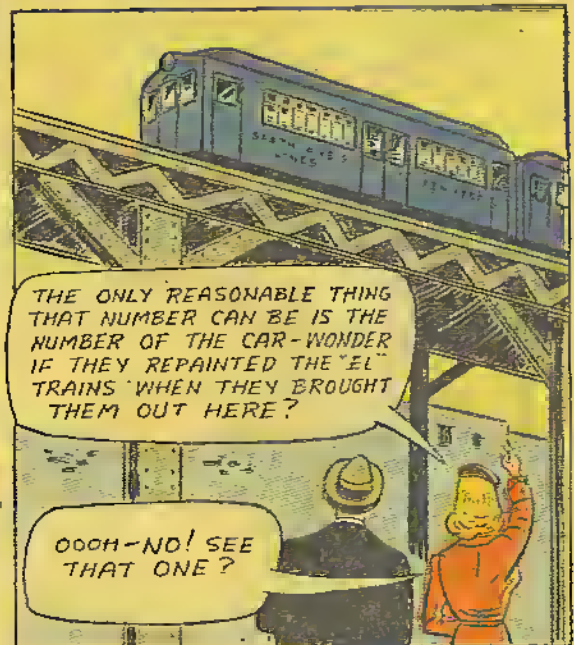
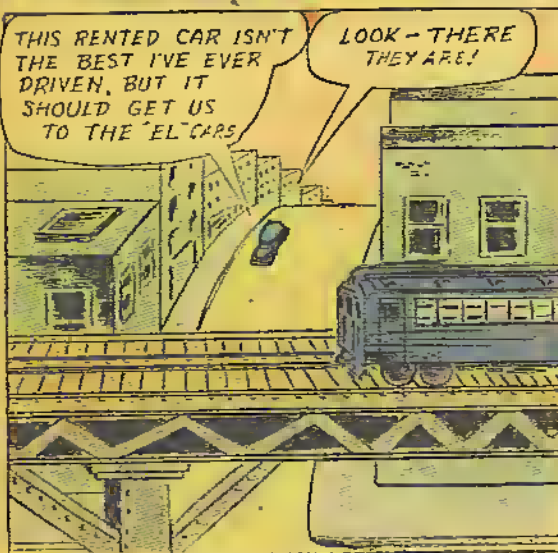
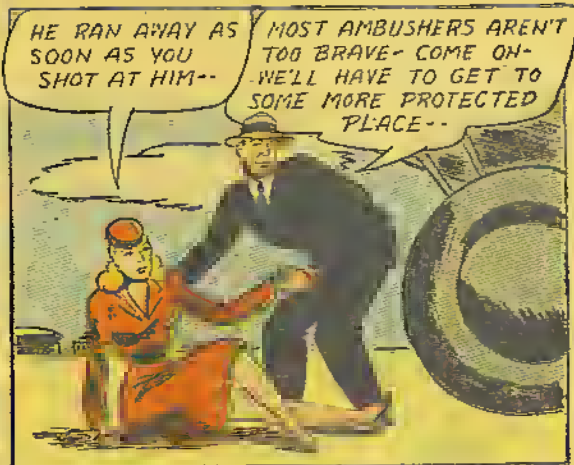
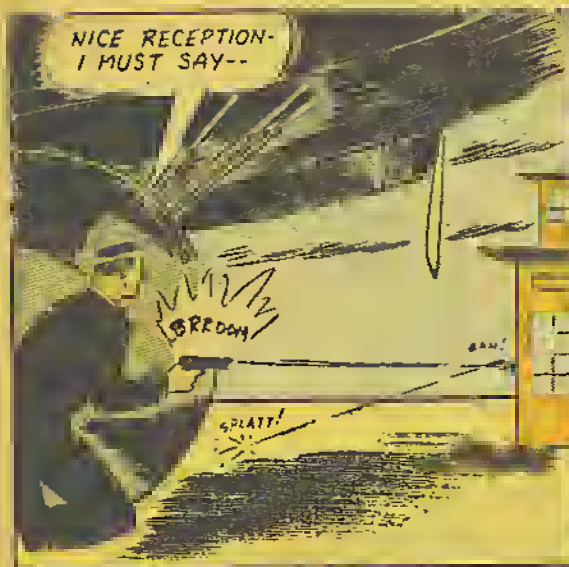


SNIFF- WHAT DISGRACEFUL MANNERS- BOOR!



MISSED! THIS'LL GET HIM!





THE FATAL CAR-SOME PLACE-HIDDEN CLEVERLY-
IS THE LOOT OF THE ROBBERY-WHAT A
TRAIL-FROM SING SING TO OAKLAND.



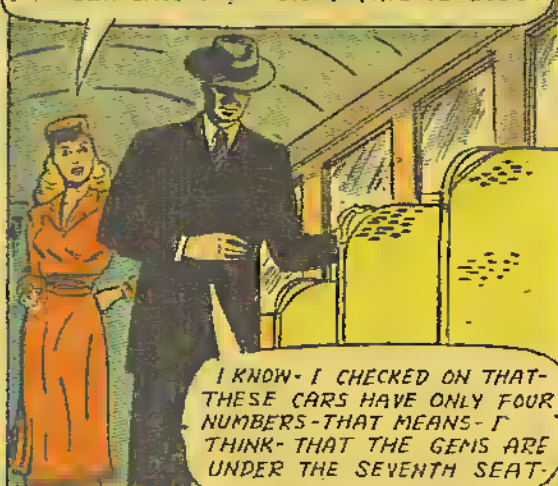
-WITH STOPOVERS IN ALL THE
CEMETERIES IN BETWEEN-
WHERE COULD THE GEMS BE
HIDDEN SO THEY WOULDN'T
HAVE BEEN FOUND?

WE'VE COME THIS FAR BY
DEDUCTION-THIS SHOULDN'T
BE HARD--



-SSST-NOT YET-
LET HIM FIND
THEM FIRST-

-BUT MR. CARTER-THIS ISN'T THE CAR-THE
NUMBER SHOULD BE 09567-THIS IS 0956!



I KNOW-I CHECKED ON THAT-
THESE CARS HAVE ONLY FOUR
NUMBERS-THAT MEANS-I
THINK-THAT THE GEMS ARE
UNDER THE SEVENTH SEAT-

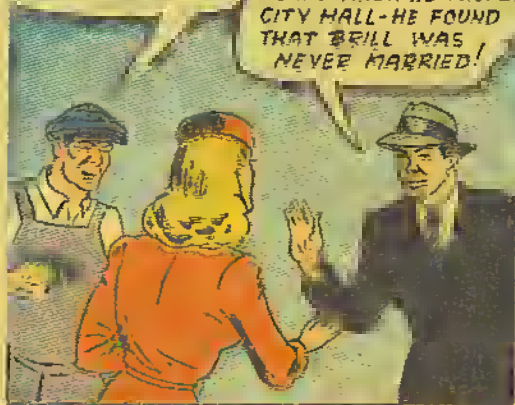
THERE ARE A LOT OF
SEVENTH SEATS-DE-
PENDING ON WHICH
WAY YOU COUNT-LET'S
TRY THIS ONE--



MR. CARTER-YOURE
WONDERFUL! THERE
THEY ARE!

THIS IS THE LAST STOP
FOR YOU-CARTER-THANKS
FOR FINDING THE "ICE"
FOR US-C'MON, MAGGIE,
I'LL PLUG 'IM AND
WE'LL BEAT IT--

WHOA! NOT SO FAST-
SO YOUR NAME IS
MAGGIE, "MRS. BRILL".
FLAHERTY CHECKED
MORE THAN THE
CARS WHEN HE PHONED
CITY HALL-HE FOUND
THAT BRILL WAS
NEVER MARRIED!



WHEN YOU SO CLEVERLY CALLED YOUR MOTHER,
MAGGIE-I MADE SOME CALLS, TOO- ONE OF THEM
WAS TO THE COPS HERE IN OAKLAND-I THINK
THIS IS THE LAST STOP FOR YOU-AND YOUR
BOSS!



WE JUST GOT IT ON
THE TELETYPE, NICK-
THEY PICKED UP
LARRY ARES IN NEW YORK!

In My Circle



CHICK CARTER'S DEADLINE!

"YOU'RE ON"

Nick cleared his throat. "Just at the second that the control man gestured to me that I was on the air, right at the moment that Chick who was late, was rushing down the hall towards my studio, he heard a sound."

"And didn't I feel like a dope," Chick interrupted. "I heard this noise that I thought was a shot. Without realizing where I was I slammed the door open and ran in. It was only as the door closed behind me that I remembered that I was in a radio studio and the sound was in all probability a sound effect. I stood there like a goon trying to apologize."

"It was a standard sight that greeted me. Three actors were grouped around a mike. A fourth had his hand over his chest. He was grunting. I could see they were on the air and I just hoped that the racket I'd made at the door hadn't gone out over the air."

"But even as the words were forming in my throat, I saw the man whose hand was at his chest, crumple. He fell to the floor. The mike which he'd been holding in his hand came down with him. The whole country or at least the ones who were listening heard him say, 'deadline . . . deadline . . .' I knew very well that until television there won't be any need for a radio actor to fall to the ground when the script calls for a shot."

"The director was making slashing motions at his throat. For a moment I thought he'd gone mad, then I realized that he was signaling for the control man to cut them off the air."

"DEADLY BROADCAST"

"My first thought was to call dad, but a

second's reflection showed me that he was on the air. I knew that wouldn't stop him from coming to investigate. But I figured maybe I could clean the thing up without having to louse up his broadcast. The actors, the sound man, the control man, all of them were pettified; they hadn't recovered from the shock yet."

"I had to take charge. I asked the director if anything could be done to take the place of the program, for I know that dead air is wicked on the radio. He spluttered something about a standby pianist taking over . . . That was one of those times when you hear, 'due to circumstances beyond our control . . . you know you've heard it on the air.'"

"All the while I was talking, guiding people to their seats, getting them to loosen a little, I kept thinking about what the dying man had said. It sounded like deadline, but why would he have said that with his last mortal breath? A deadline for a newspaper man or a writer is the time when a job has to be done and no excuses either!"

"But what that had to do with a murder I couldn't see. I asked if they knew where the shot came from, but that was no help. You see, in the script they'd been doing there was supposed to be the sound of a shot at just that point. All of them knew just when the sound was due. Of course this proved, if it needed proving, that the killer was in the studio right in front of me. There was one girl and the rest men. One of them had taken advantage of just the right second when the sound man clapped two boards together, to shoot. And a deadly shot it had been."

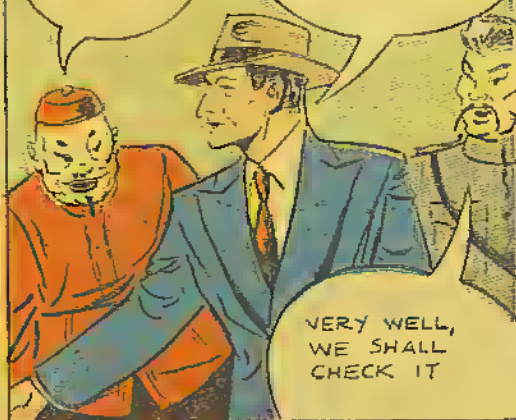
THIS REPORT IS
PREPOSTEROUS.
WHY, MOUNT EVEREST,
THE HIGHEST PEAK
IN THE WORLD,
DOES NOT REACH
30,000 FEET!

AND THE GREAT
WALL DOES NOT
EXTEND INTO THE
BARRIER MOUNTAINS
BECAUSE IT WAS
NEVER NEEDED
THERE! YOU
ARE UNDER
ARREST FOR
GIVING A FALSE
REPORT, LIEUTENANT



WHAT DO
YOU THINK,
MR. CRANSTON?

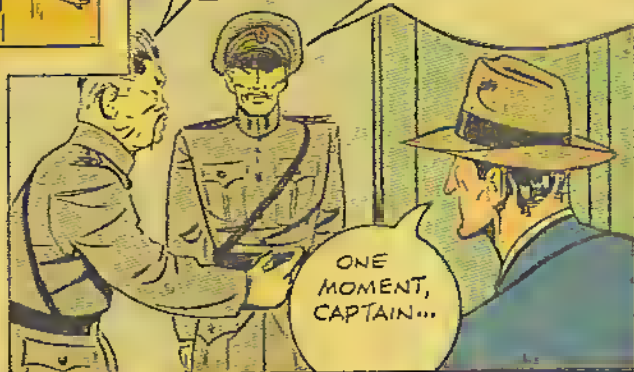
FABULOUS THOUGH
IT SEEMS, YUNG'S
REPORT MIGHT
BE TRUE!



VERY WELL,
WE SHALL
CHECK IT

HERE IS CAPTAIN
WU, WHO FLEW
OVER THE SAME
TERRITORY.
REPORT, CAPTAIN!

THE BARRIER
MOUNTAINS ARE
LOW, THE
VALLEYS AMONG
THEM ARE ROCKY
AND ALL IS
DESOLATE



ONE
MOMENT,
CAPTAIN...

WHAT IS THE
COLOR OF
THAT HOUSE
AND THOSE
TREES?

WHAT
CAN
THIS
MEAN?

THE HOUSE
IS BLUE
AND THE
TREES ARE
RED!



IT MEANS
THAT CAPTAIN
WU IS UNDER
SOME BALEFUL
INFLUENCE.
THAT PREVENTS
HIM FROM
TELLING THE
TRUTH!

THEN THAT
MAY MEAN
THAT
LIEUTENANT
YUNG MADE
A CORRECT
REPORT!



"THE SOUND OF DEATH!"

"You see I was quite sure that they didn't use real guns for gun shots on the radio. I thought they used clapboards. But I was wrong. As it turned out this director, a guy named Cameron was a stickler for realism and he had demanded a blank gun. As it turned out the gun really had used a blank. The sound man had nothing to do with the shooting, but for a while I was all set to pick him for the killer.

"You see it would have been so easy for him to just use a real bullet . . . But . . . that didn't enter into it for as soon as I saw what the real meaning of 'deadline' was, I knew who the killer had to be. Don't get me wrong. I couldn't prove it, but I had an idea . . .

"I called the police of course, but while we waited, I put my idea into motion. I asked if they had recorded the show that they were working. They had of course, because they sometimes sell the record after they've made a regular live show. I asked to have it played back and it was an eerie sensation to hear the build up to the sound of a real death.

"It was a murder mystery they'd been broadcasting. The tension, built up and built up as we neared the place where the sound of the shot would herald the entrance of the oldest actor in the world, death . . ."

"DEADLINE"

"Just before the fatal second the girl, the actress, had been pleading with one of the actors to spare the life of her beloved and he, the cad, had sneered at her and then . . ."

Chick paused dramatically. And then, nothing . . . no sound of the shot, no sound of the man's dying words, nothing . . . just silence. And that of course was the tip off: It only took the killer a second to realize it but once he did he erupted like a fury. Pulling a gun he backed to the door and swung the door open behind him. He said, "Just move, one of you . . . move and see what happens!"

"It was a tough spot," Chick meant what he said, he hadn't enjoyed it. The killer was completely in control. He was twenty feet

away from me, I had no chance to do anything. His gun was steady in his hand.

"You could see from the look in his eyes that if one of us had flickered an eyelash he would have shot . . . and then, just like the proverbial horse marines, a figure loomed up in the doorway.

"RESCUE!"

"It was Nick and what a welcome sight! His broadcast was finished and as soon as it ended he came out looking for me. He spotted what was up . . ."

Nick took up the story. "Don't make it sound so heroic, Chick, I was just meandering along and then I saw a man, body all tense, and with a metallic object glinting in his hand. I did a double take and spotted the gun. It was a cinch he was not prepared for assault from the rear. I clouted him on the back of the neck . . ."

"Yeah," Chick said, "and caught his gun before it hit the ground.

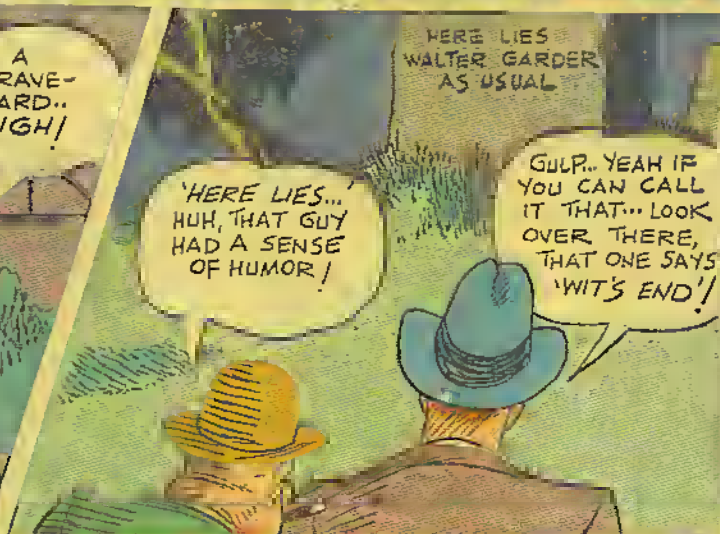
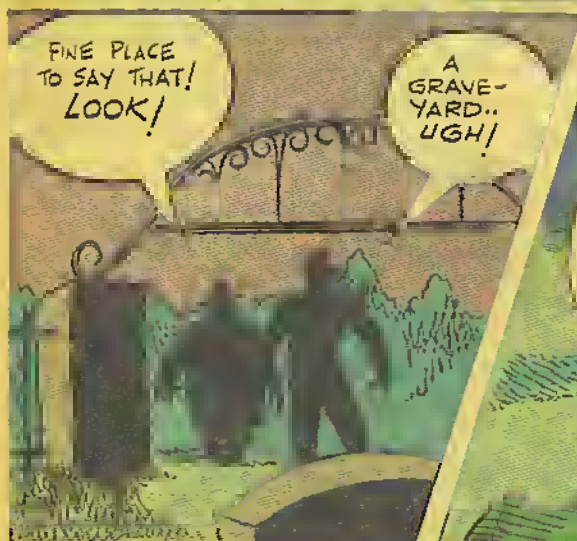
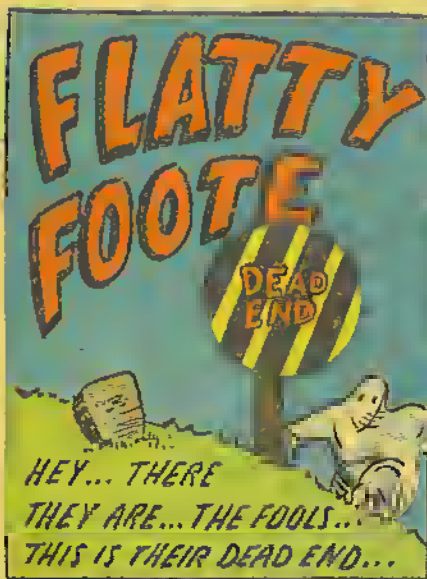
"This time the actors were really stunned. They looked from the corpse on the floor to the man that Nick had knocked down. He was the control man, the engineer who sits in the little glass booth and turns the dials and knobs that control the sound and volume.

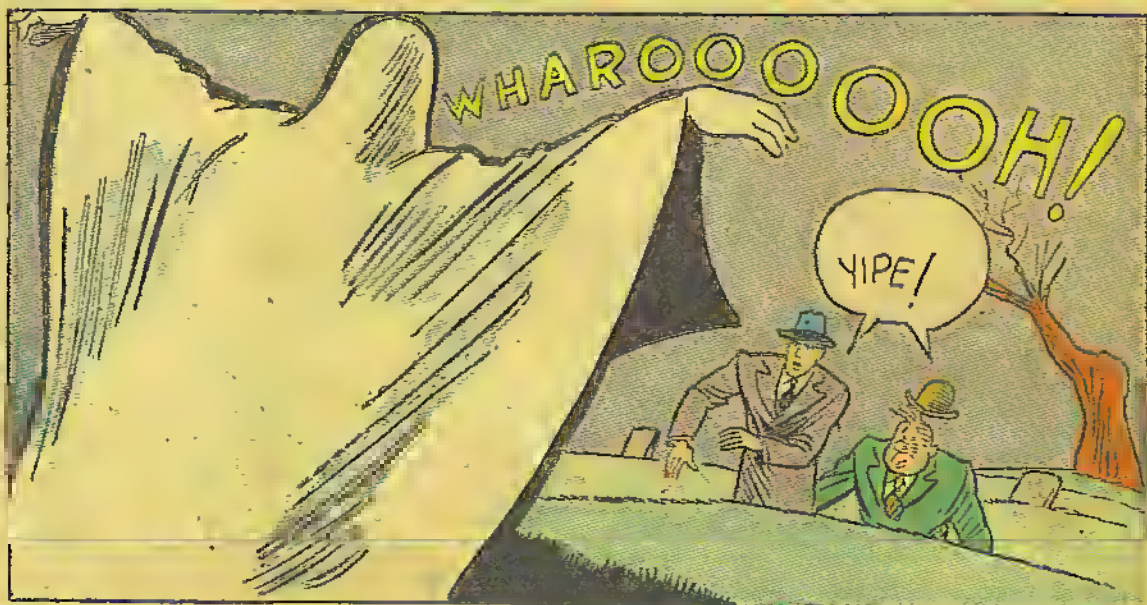
"You see, he had to be the killer because of the silence . . . That was the giveaway . . . his training had wrecked his murder scheme. We found out later that he had hated the actor whom he killed for years . . .

"Later on, we found the ingeniously hidden hole through the front of the booth through which he had fired, completely unobserved."

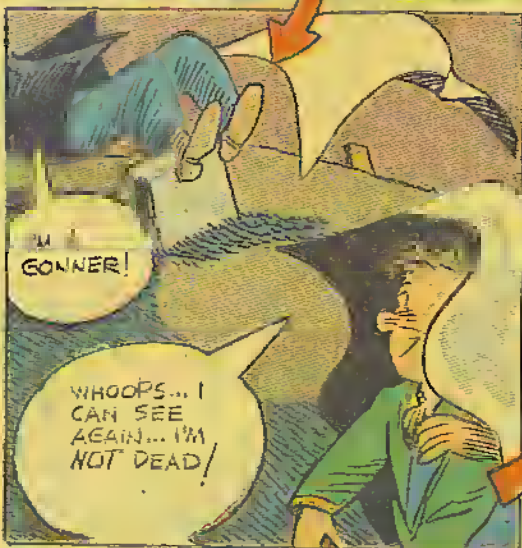
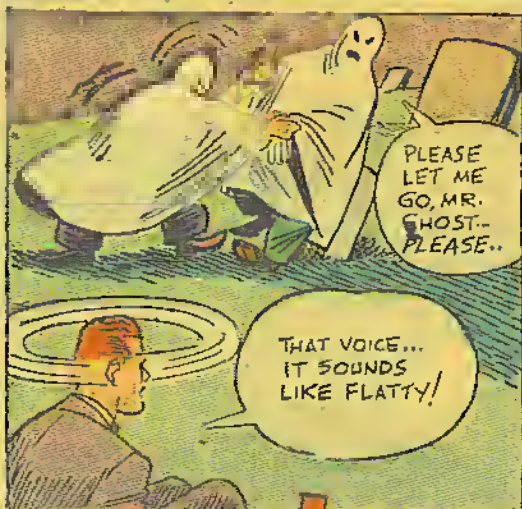
"DEAD-LINE"

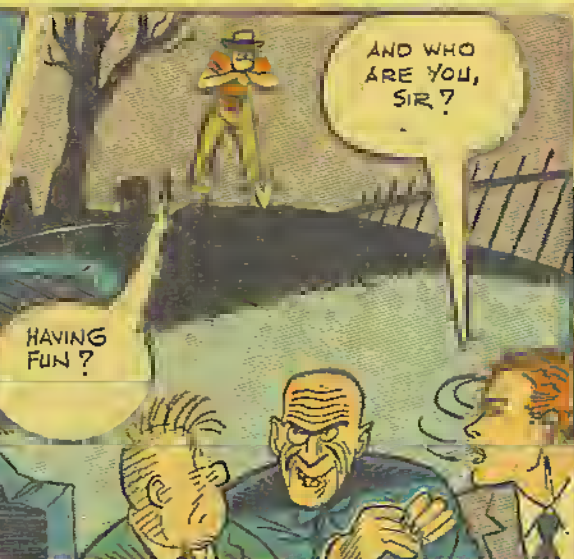
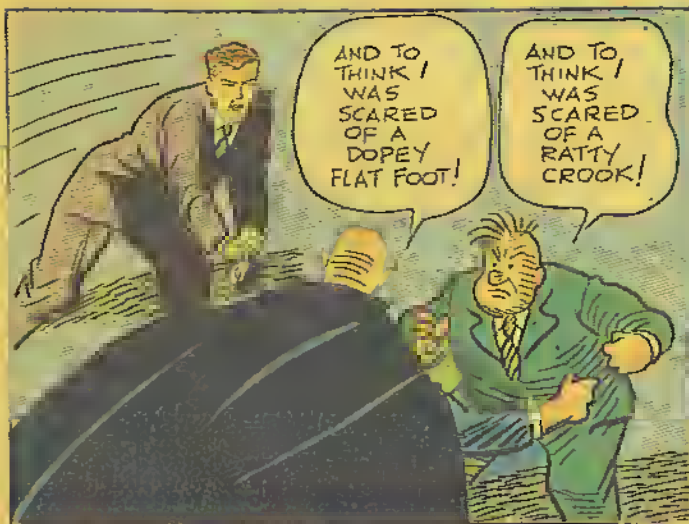
Nick and Chick could see from the very puzzled looks of the members that they hadn't caught the significance of the silence. Chick laughed and said, "The dead man gave it away you see . . . I don't know how he knew, maybe he saw the control man do it, but anyhow, as the control man shot, he instinctively cut off the lines so that the sound wouldn't go out on the air. The actors were in front of a DEAD line!"











DON'T MISS FLATTY'S ADVENTURES WITH HAPPY, THE GRAVE DIGGER... FOR HE HAS FLATTY'S GRAVE ALL DUG....

FAMOUS PIRATES IN HISTORY.

Capt John Gow

by CHARLES WESSELL

BEING THE TRUE STORY OF THE VICIOUS SCOTCH PIRATE WHOSE HIDEOUS EXPLOITS WERE CHRONICLED BY DEFOE AND WERE MADE INTO A NOVEL BY SIR WALTER SCOTT! BLOODTHIRSTY JOHN GOW, A DANDY WITH THE LADIES, COLD AND CRUEL AS A PANTHER, BETRAYED HIS OLD FRIENDS AND CAME TO A SURPRISING BUT FATEFUL ENDING!

GOW FIRST SAILED FROM AMSTERDAM AS AN HONEST FOREMAST HAND ON THE GOOD SHIP "GEORGE". HIS EXPERT SEAMANSHIP EARNED HIM QUICK PROMOTION TO 2ND MATE.



ON NOV. 3, 1724, THE "GEORGE" SAILED FOR GENOA WITH A CARGO OF BEESWAX. GOW IMMEDIATELY LED A MUTINY TO "GO ON THE ACCOUNT".



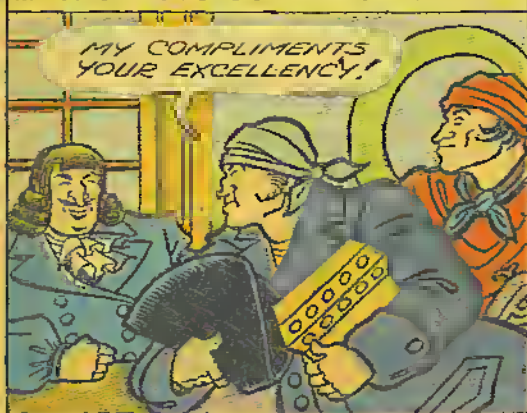
THEN GOW VICIOUSLY MURDERED CAPT. FERNEAU - HACKING HIM FROM THE BOWSPRIT, AFTER MORTALLY WOUNDING THE POOR MAN!



GOW WAS ELECTED CAPTAIN AND ONE WILLIAMS 1ST MATE. THEY RENAMED THEIR SHIP "REVENGE" - ARMED HER WITH 18 GUNS - AND CAPTURED TWO BIG ENGLISH SHIPS LOADED WITH RICH CARGOES OF FISH!



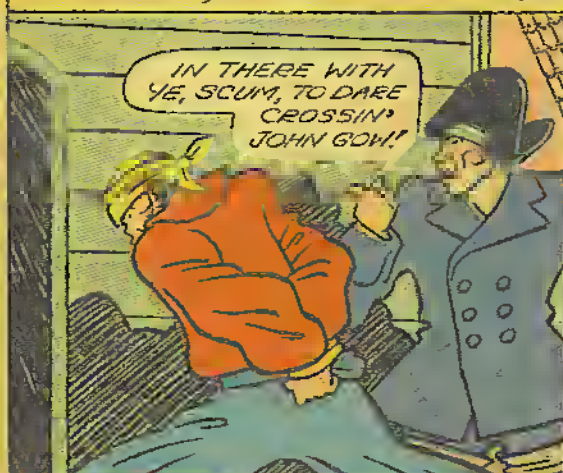
CRUISING OFF THE COAST OF SPAIN THEY FINALLY PUT IN AT MADIERA, WHERE GOW SOUGHT FAVOR OF THE GOVERNOR BY PRESENTING HIM WITH A BOX OF CHOICE HERRINGS!



SAILING FOR THE ORKNEY ISLES, WILLIAMS ACCUSED CAPTAIN GOW OF COWARDICE WHEN HE REFUSED TO ATTACK A POWERFUL FRENCH SHIP! A FIGHT ENSUED IN WHICH MATE WILLIAMS WAS WOUNDED AND



---TO GET RID OF HIM, WILLIAMS WAS PLACED ON BOARD THE NEXT PRIZE, TO TURN UP LATER!



ARRIVING AT CARRISTOWN, GOW MADE MERRY WITH THE LADIES WHILE HIS IMPATIENT CREW SULKED.



BUT THE FOXEY GOW REVIVED THEIR SPIRITS BY BARTERING THEIR GREAT LOOT OF FISH AT VERY HIGH PRICES!



BUT NEXT DAY, TEN OF HIS MEN DESERTED IN A LONGBOAT FOR THE MAINLAND OF SCOTLAND, WHERE THEY WERE TAKEN PRISONERS!



THIS ENRAGED GOW AND HIS NEXT MOVE WAS TO LAND HIS REMAINING MEN AND FLUNDER THE COUNTRYSIDE!

WE'RE RICH, DIRK, WE'RE RICH!

AYE, AND THERE'S MUCH MORE!

BE OFF TO THE BOATS WITH THAT LOOT AND GET YE BACK HERE FOR ANOTHER LOAD!

AYE, CAP'N! AYE! AYE!



THEY RAIDED THE HOME OF A RICH MRS. HONEYMAN AND HER DAUGHTER WHOM THEY ROBBED AND MURDERED AFTER FAILING TO FIND THEIR HIDDEN JEWELS!



BY THIS TIME THE WHOLE COUNTRY ROUND ABOUT BECAME ALARMED!

HELP! CALL OUT THE MILITIA OR WE PERISH!



BUT GOW AND HIS CREW ARROGANTLY MARCHED BACK TO THEIR BOATS WITH A HIRED BAGPIPER PLAYING AT THEIR HEAD!

WOT SONG WILL YE HAVE NEXT, CAP'N?

MOVE, SCOTTY, MOVE!



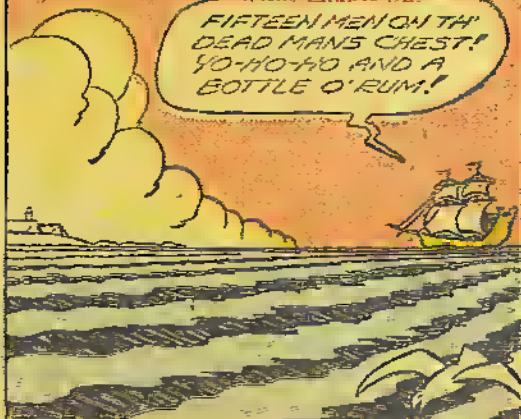
GOW THEN SAILED FOR CALFSOUND WHERE HE SEIZED THREE GIRLS AND TOOK THEM ABOARD!!

BRING 'EM ON BOARD AN' SEE TO IT THEY MEET NO HARM!



DRUNK WITH RUM AND SUCCESS HE SAILED FOR EDA, TO PLUNDER THE HOME OF HIS OLD SCHOOL CHL, A RICH MR. FEA.

FIFTEEN MEN ON TH' DEAD MAN'S CHEST! YO-HO-HO AND A BOTTLE O' RUM!

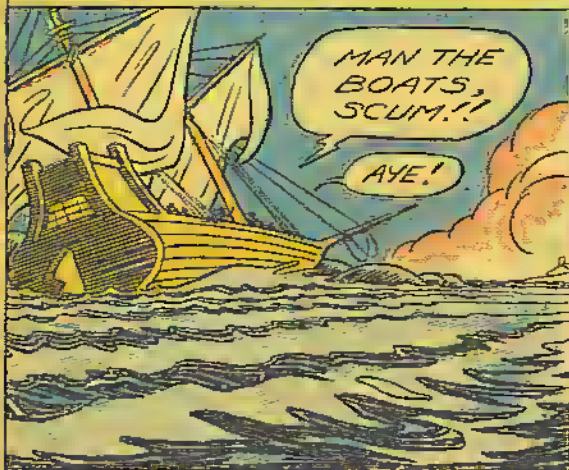


ARRIVING ON FEBRUARY 13TH, VERY DRUNK AND UNEBLY, GOW AND HIS CREW RAN THEIR VESSEL ON THE ROCKS.

WHEN THEY REACHED SHORE THE ASTUTE MR. FEA MET THEM AND ENTERTAINED THEM AT THE INN---

MAN THE BOATS, SCUM!!

AYE!



WELCOME, GOW! YOU AND YOUR BOYS MUST DINE WI' ME!



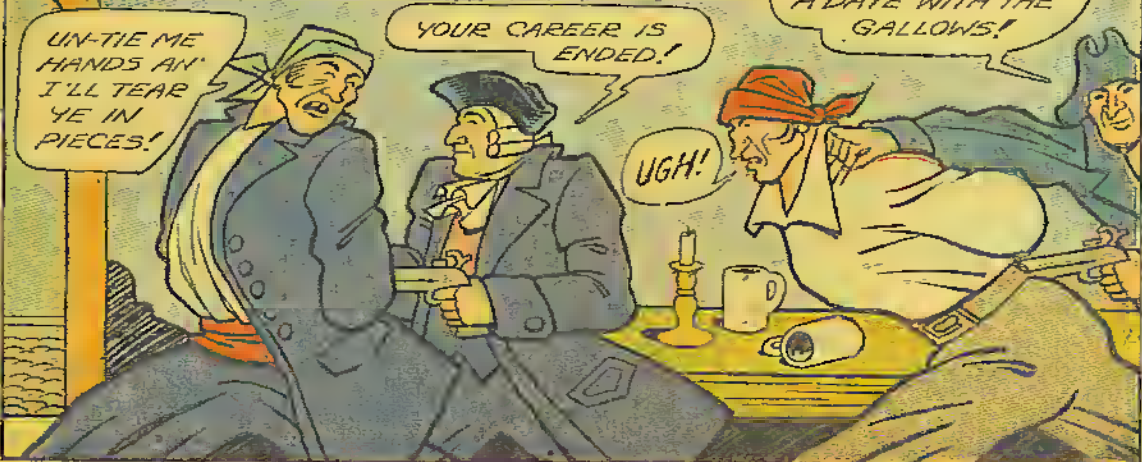
-- UNTIL THE BRITISH FRIGATE "GREYHOUND" (WHICH FEA HAD SENT WARNING TO) ARRIVED AND CAPTURED GOW AND HIS ENTIRE CREW!

UN-TIE ME HANDS AN' I'LL TEAR YE IN PIECES!

YOUR CAREER IS ENDED!

COME ALONG, ME HEARTIES! YOU'VE A DATE WITH THE GALLOWES!

UGH!



A man in a blue suit and hat is pouring champagne from a bottle into a glass held by a woman in an orange dress. They are in a festive setting with a yellow background and streamers.

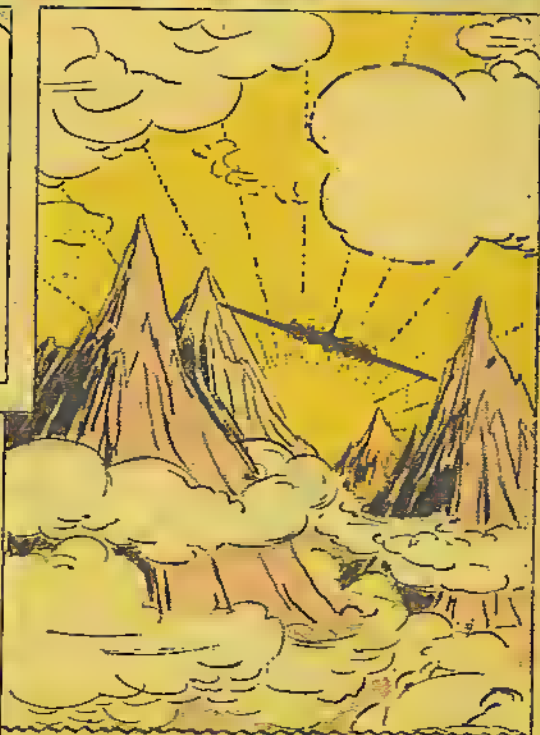


THEN TAM
MUST BELIEVE
THAT SOME
MENACE LIES
AHEAD OF US
REQUIRING THE
POWER OF THE
SHADOW TO
DESTROY IT!

THAT'S RIGHT, MARGO.
AND NOW WE ARE
APPROACHING OUR
GOAL, THE CLOUD-
CAPPED BARRIER
OF THE PROVINCE
OF SZE-CHUAN!
SUPPOSE WE SEE
WHAT THE ALTIMETER
READS!



AND THEN,
FROM
AMIDST
THE
CLOUDS,
LOOM PEAKS
OF MORE
THAN 30,000
FEET...
HIGHER
EVEN THAN
THE FAMED
MOUNT
EVEREST!!!



YUNG'S FABULOUS REPORT IS TRUE !!!
THE PLANE IS NOW FINDING THE
PASS TO THE STRANGE DOMAIN
BEYOND !!!

THE PRISONERS WERE TAKEN TO MARSHALSEA PRISON IN SOUTHWARK, WHERE THEY WERE TURNED OVER TO THEIR OLD MATE WILLIAMS - NOW LT. WILLIAMS IN CHARGE OF THE PRISON!



FOUR PIRATES TURNED KING'S EVIDENCE, BUT GOW REFUSED TO PLEA, AND WAS ORDERED TO BE "PRESSED" TO DEATH!



TERRIFIED, AS THE GAOLERS SLOWLY ADDED THE WEIGHTS, GOW BEGGED FOR THE RIGHT TO PLEA!



THE COURT GRANTED THIS, BUT HE WAS CONVICTED ON HIS OWN CREW'S TESTIMONY AND HANGED JUNE 11TH 1725.



BUT THE ANGRY MOB TUGGED AT HIS LEGS AND THE ROPE BROKE FROM THEIR WEIGHT!

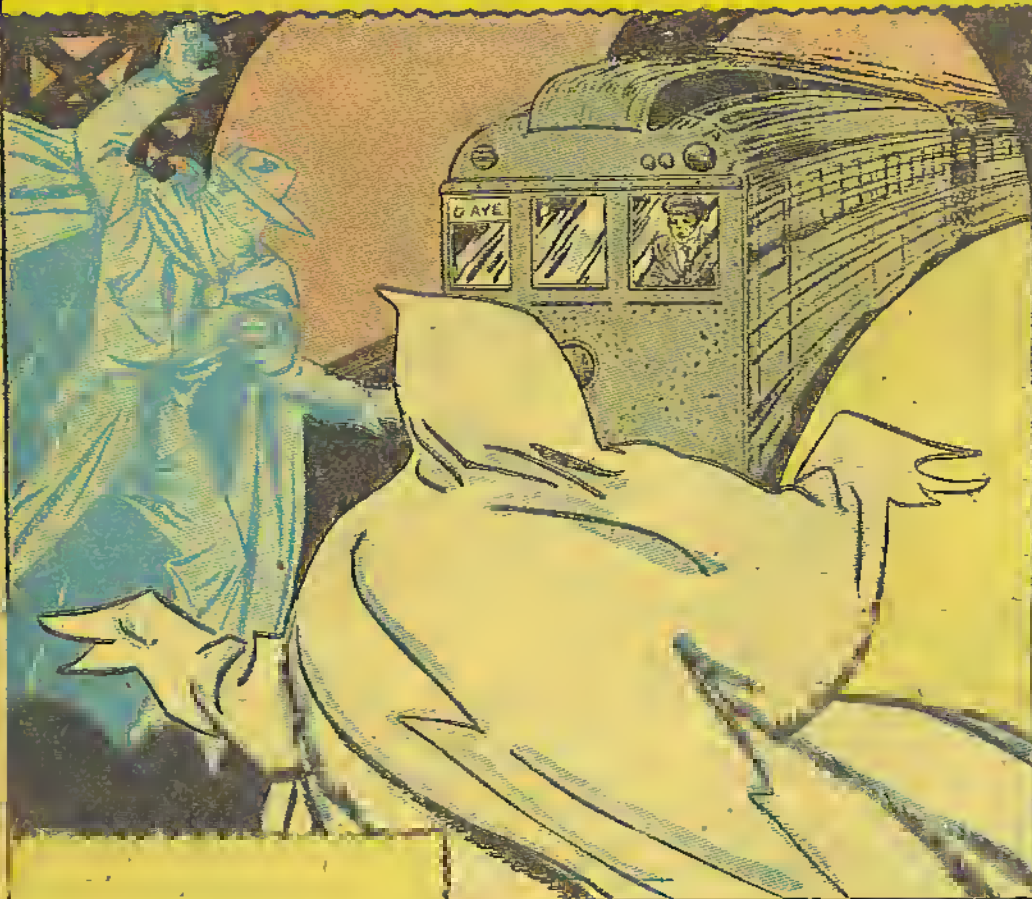


THOUGH HE HAD BEEN HANGING FOR 4 MINUTES, HE WAS SO TOUGH HE WAS ABLE TO WALK BACK AND BE HANGED FOR THE LAST TIME, SO ENDED CAPT. GOW!

CHARLES WESSLELL



The Shadow Meets The SUBWAY GHOST



THE RIDDLE OF THE "SUBWAY GHOST"... ONE OF THE STRANGEST CASES OF THE SHADOW'S WHOLE CAREER... BEGAN ONE EVENING WHEN AN UP-TOWN EXPRESS PULLED FROM A MANHATTAN SUBWAY STATION, STARTING WHAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN A NON-STOP TRIP OF MANY BLOCKS...





SOMEBODY
ON THE TRACK!
I'LL GIVE THE
EMERGENCY,
QUICK!



BOY, DID
THOSE BRAKES
JOLT!

THAT'S WHAT IT
LOOKED LIKE...
A GHOST!

BUT YOU
COULDN'T
HAVE SEEN
ANYBODY...
UNLESS HE
WAS A
GHOST!

WE'VE
SEARCHED
THE TRACKS
!



LET'S GO!
WE'RE
RUNNING
LATE!

A FEW
DOZEN
BLOCKS
FURTHER
ON, THE
NEBULOUS
GHOST
AGAIN
REARS
ITSELF TO
STARTLE
THE
MOTORMAN
OF THE
EXPRESS
!!!!



THE
GHOST
AGAIN!



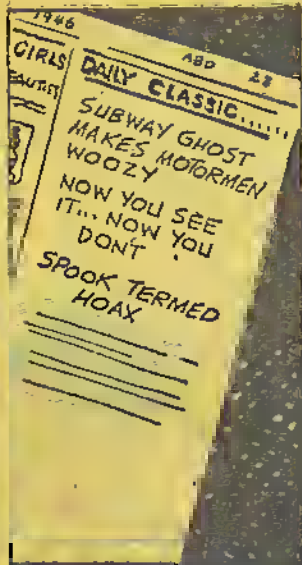
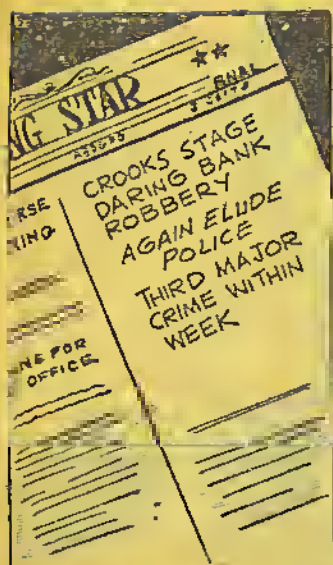
THERE'S NOTHING
UNDER THE CARS!

BUT YOU COULDN'T
HAVE SEEN A
GHOST!

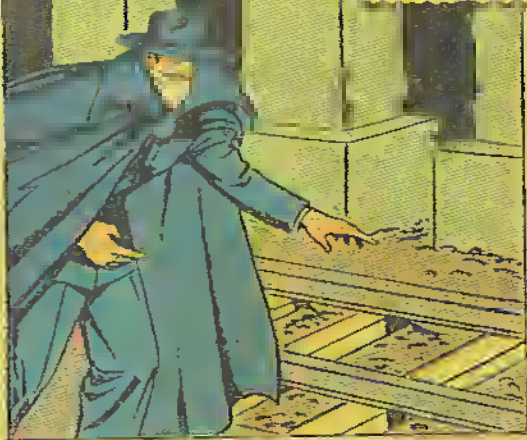
6 AVE.

I TELL YOU,
I DID!

WE'D
BETTER
GET UNDER
WAY AGAIN
!



DEEP IN THE SUBWAY, THE
SHADOW IS MOVING
ALONG THE EXPRESS'
TRACK...



THAT LOOKS LIKE
THE CREATURE I
CAME TO FIND!
THIS CALLS FOR
AN INVISIBLE
APPROACH!

A LINE ENDING IN
A MAGNETIC BRUSH,
ALL SET AND WAITING
FOR THE NEXT EXPRESS!
I'LL MOVE AHEAD AND
WATCH THE GHOST
OPERATE!

... SO HERE GOES,
AGAIN! AND LET'S
HOPE SOMETHING
DOES HAPPEN...
OR MAYBE I OUGHT
TO HOPE IT WON'T!

MEANWHILE...

LAMONT TOLD
ME TO KEEP
RIDING IN
SUBWAY EXPRESSES
UNTIL SOMETHING
HAPPENS...



ROARING THROUGH
THE SUBWAY,
THE EXPRESS
CONTACTS THE
MAGNETIC BRUSH
AND UP FLIES
THE GHOST
ON ITS PULLEY-
STRUNG LINE

!!!

THAT TRAIN IS COMING
FAST, BUT I DON'T HAVE
TO WORRY ABOUT IT
STOPPING BEFORE
IT GETS HERE!



THE GHOST
AGAIN!



WHAT A STOP! WE
MUST HAVE HIT A
STONE WALL...OR
A GHOST!



THIS IS AN
EASIER
GETAWAY
THAN THE
LAST ONE!

COME ON,
GANG!
TRAIN'S
WAITING!



THOSE POLICE
CARS ARE
GOING THE
OTHER WAY!

FROM THE
VERY
MIDST OF
THE
SURROUNDING
POLICE
CORDON,
THE BANK
ROBBERS
ARE
MAKING
THEIR...
IF THE
LAW ONLY
KNEW!!!

NOW THAT WE'RE STOPPED, I'D BETTER GET OFF WITH THE CREW!



AND DON'T GO TRIPPING OVER ANY THIRD RAILS!

I'LL BE CAREFUL!



WHAT THIS TRAIN NEEDS IS A DRIVER WHO DOESN'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS!



THE SHADOW!

RUN BACK TO THE NEAREST LOCAL STATION AND PHONE THE POLICE TO BE WAITING AT THE NEXT EXPRESS STOP!



NO SIGN OF ANYBODY OR ANYTHING!

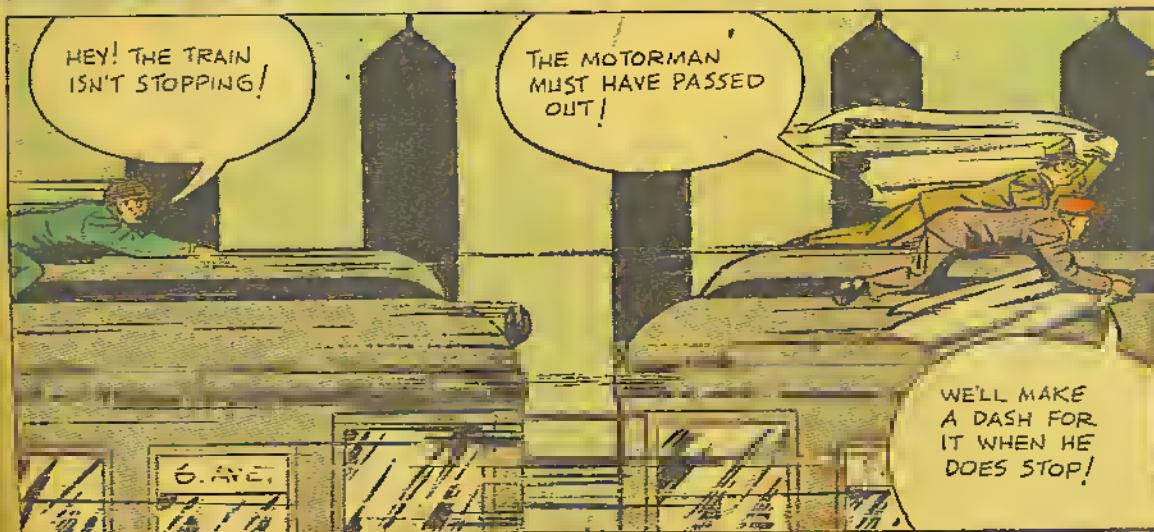
THIS GHOST STUFF IS ALL IMAGINATION!

HEY! THE TRAIN IS STARTING OFF WITH- OUT US!

BUT THERE'S NOBODY IN THE OPERATING BOOTH!

THE GHOST MUST HAVE TAKEN OVER!

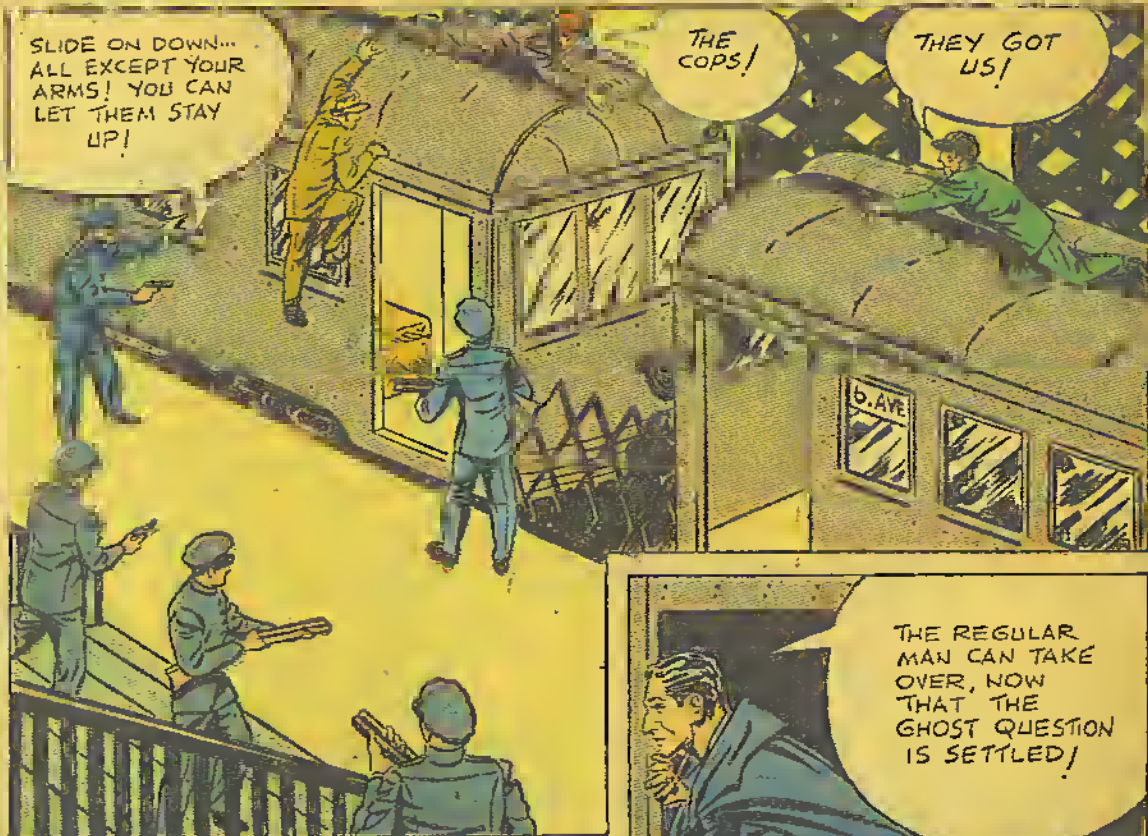




SLIDE ON DOWN...
ALL EXCEPT YOUR
ARMS! YOU CAN
LET THEM STAY
UP!

THE
COPS!

THEY GOT
US!



THE REGULAR
MAN CAN TAKE
OVER, NOW
THAT THE
GHOST QUESTION
IS SETTLED!

THERE GOES
THE WHOLE
GANG IN
ONE LOAD!

YOU MEAN THE GANG
WAS USING MECHANICAL
GHOSTS TO SCARE
THE MOTORMAN INTO
STOPPING HIS TRAIN?

THAT'S RIGHT, CRANSTON.
SO THEY COULD GET
ON AND OFF. THE SHADOW
RUINED THEIR GAME AND
PROVED THAT CRIME
DIDN'T PAY. I WONDER
WHO HE IS?

SOMETIMES
I ALMOST
WONDER
TOO!



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In every enlisted grade, pay scales are higher than ever—and virtually expense-proof. You'll save more... have greater "take-home" pay than in almost any comparable civilian job! Get all the facts at your nearest Army Camp or Post, or U. S. Army Recruiting Station.

A GOOD JOB FOR YOU
U. S. ARMY
Choose This
Fine Profession Now

THEN,
CLEAR OF
CLOUDS,
THE
VALLEY OF
THE BLACK
PAGODA
DISCLOSES
ITSELF
WITHIN THE
BOWL OF
RIMMING
MOUNTAIN
RANGES
!!!

THIS COMPLETES
OUR MISSION,
MR. CRANSTON.
SHALL WE CIRCLE
BACK TO THE
PASS?

ON THE CONTRARY,
LIEUTENANT YUNG,
OUR MISSION HAS
JUST BEGUN.
WE MUST MAKE
A LANDING IN
THE VALLEY!

WE MAY BE
INVITED TO
STAY IN THE
PAGODA, SO I
SUGGEST WE
BRING ALONG
OUR BAGGAGE

THAT WILL
BE A NICE
LITTLE
HINT

BUT WHAT
IS OUR
EXCUSE FOR
LANDING
HERE?

STEADY,
EVERYBODY
!

WHAT AN
INVITATION
THIS IS TURNING
OUT TO BE!

SIMPLY THAT YOU WERE
FLYING US FROM CHUNGKING
TO TIBET AND THAT
LOSING YOUR ROUTE,
YOU MADE A FORCED
LANDING HERE!



WILL WE EVER
GET OUT OF
THIS ALIVE
?

ABSOLUTELY.
YOU WILL
SEE WHY...
SOON

BRING THE
PRISONERS
HERE!

I AM SHIH
HUANG TI!
I SHALL REMOVE
THIS MASK SO
THAT YOU MAY
SEE MY FACE...

... THE FACE OF
THE ONE AND
ONLY, THE SOLE
MASTER, THE
FIRST EMPEROR
WHO SHALL
RULE ALL
CHINA...

WHAT DOES HE
MEAN BY THE
FIRST EMPEROR?
WEREN'T THERE
A LOT OF
OTHERS?

... AND THEN EXTEND MY
POWER UNTIL I HAVE
CONQUERED THE WORLD,
WHICH THROUGH ITS PETTY
BICKERING WILL DIVIDE
ITSELF AND BECOME MY
PREY!

YES, BUT HE'S JUST
CANCELING THEM
OUT, THE WAY
HUAH TI DID

NOW TAKE THE PRISONERS
TO THE DUNGEON
BENEATH THE PAGODA,
UNTIL I, SHIH HUANG TI,
DECIDE TO INTERVIEW
THEM!

PRINCE CHING,
WHO BUILT THE
GREAT WALL TWO
THOUSAND YEARS
AGO, CALLED HIMSELF
FIRST EMPEROR. THIS
FELLOW HAS STOLEN
THE IDEA

CONDUCTED TO THE DUNGEON, THE PRISONERS ARE ASSIGNED TO INDIVIDUAL CELLS BY THE DEMON MEN WHO SERVE SHIH HUANG TI....



WHY, THE DEMON
NEVER BARRED
THE DOOR OF
MY CELL...



"AND NO WONDER!
LAMONT MUST HAVE
GIVEN HIM A SHADOW
TREATMENT! VERY WELL,
I'LL UNBAR ALL THE
OTHER DOORS AND
GO UP THOSE STEPS!



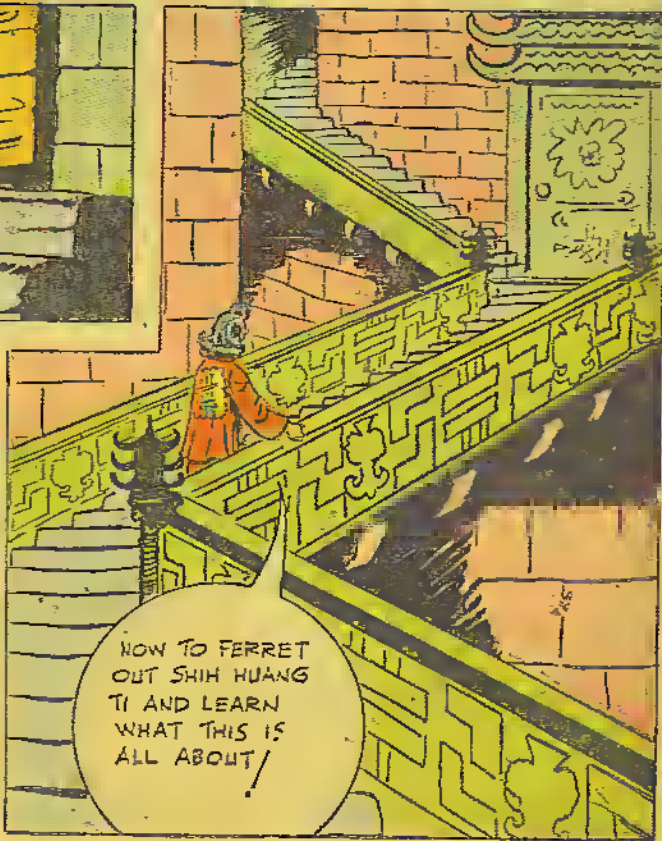
HERE'S LUCK... A
ROOM FULL OF
CHINESE COSTUMES
AND THERE'S ONE
ABOUT MY SIZE
!



I'LL DO A
QUICK CHANGE
INTO IT!



HOW TO FERRET
OUT SHIH HUANG
TI AND LEARN
WHAT THIS IS
ALL ABOUT!

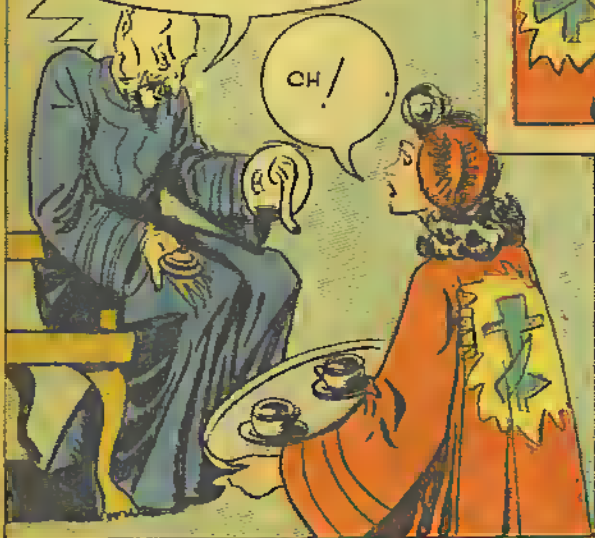


THIS MUST BE
SHIH'S DOOR! AND
HERE'S A TEA SET!
I'LL SERVE HIM
TEA AND SEE
WHAT I CAN
LEARN!



EXCEPT THAT WE HAVE
ALREADY HAD OUR TEA! AS
YOU CAN SEE, THIS TEA-POT
IS EMPTY!

CH!



TEA FOR
SHIH HUANG TI!

IT IS THOUGHTFUL
OF YOU TO SERVE
TEA TO US, PRETTY
FLOWER OF
CATHAY...



THERE YOU SEE THE
STATUE OF UNTRUTH, WHO
EVER BREATHES THAT
INCENSE WHILE LOOKING
AT THE STATUE'S FACE...AS
YOU SHALL!... CAN NEVER
SPEAK THE TRUTH
AGAIN!



I SHOULD
HAVE LEFT
MARGO
BARRED
IN HER
CELL!

BRING HER ALONG AND
WE SHALL MAKE HER
TELL HOW SHE ESCAPED.
SHE SHALL TELL THE
TRUTH FOR THE LAST
TIME!

